

AFRICAN LIONS (Illustrated). By M. D. M. Bell.
THRUSH AT ITS ANYIL (Illustrated). By Frances Pitt.

COUNTRY LIFE

1, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. L. No. 1290.
Entered as Second-class Matter at the
New York, N.Y., Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1921.

Published Weekly, PRICE ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free,
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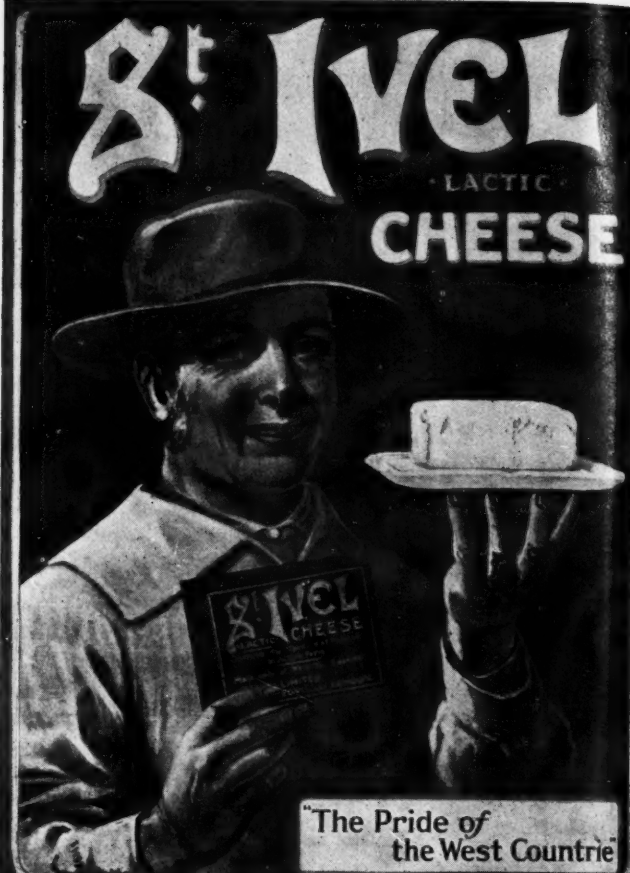
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Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON: Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, with Prince Bertil Gustave and Princess Ingrid	367
Against the Embargo. (Leader)	368
Country Notes	369
The House in the Mist, by Isabel Eutchart	369
Holywell, by V. H. Friedlaender	370
African Lions, by W. D. M. Bell. (Illustrated)	371
"Stricklands," by Constance Holme	373
A Thrush at its Anvil, by Frances Pitt. (Illustrated)	374
Lord Rosebery as a Writer	375
Some Notes from St. Andrews, by Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated)	376
Country Home: Gray's Court, by Christopher Hussey. (Illus.)	378
The Age of the Earth, by W. G. W. Mitchell	384
Child's Thought, by Jessie Phillips Morris	384
Some Early Adam Furniture, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)	385
How to Make a Trout Stream.—IV, by Horace G. Hutchinson	388
A Great Coursing Kennel, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated)	389
Holiday Making in the Western Highlands. (Illustrated)	392
Some Impressions of the Barb Pony, by R. F. Meredith. (Illus.)	393
The End of the Lawn Tennis Season, by F. R. Burrow	394
Correspondence	395
Down Romney Marsh (Eve Leigh); Advertising in the Post Office (Charles Watney); Palace Yard, Coventry; The Hedgehog as a Dainty (Thos. Ratcliffe); A "Chester" Menu (G. Jekyll); White Canaries (Geo. D. Yates); Old Surrey Villagers (Arthur F. G. Leveson Gower); A Scottish Terrier (Edith G. Lee); The Cluster Fly (F. W. Frohawk); The Fidelity of Swallows; Telegraph Wires on Trees (A. D. Webster); Harvesting in the Far East (E. O. Rutter).	
Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire	397
Shooting Notes. (Illustrated)	398
The Food of Game Birds and Birds of Prey	399
The Estate Market	400
Silver Coins of Great Britain, by D. Van de Gooite. (Illustrated)	lxiii.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	lxiv.
Tractors at This Week's Trials. (Illustrated)	lxviii.
Dress Displays Herald the Coming Season. (Illustrated)	lxx.
From the Editor's Bookshelf	lxxi.

Against the Embargo

ENGLISH farmers will, in most cases, be disappointed with the Report that has been issued by the Royal Commission on the Importation of Store Cattle. The members have been convinced in the first place that there was no danger of infectious disease in the importation of Canadian cattle, and, in the second place, they thought it would probably have the effect of reducing the price of home-grown beef. This, during the last few months, has fallen very considerably, and undoubtedly severe losses have been incurred. Whether these losses were covered or not covered by the very high prices obtained immediately before, only the farmer knows, but we can well understand that, on account of what British agriculture has suffered in the past from unfair competition and how great the difficulties of the moment are, there should be doubt about introducing this new element.

The Report, on the first count, is very decided. After a brief glance at the diseases most to be dreaded, namely, cattle plague, pleuro-pneumonia and foot-and-mouth disease, it is recalled that it was on account "of the supposed presence of pleuro-pneumonia in 1892" that an embargo was placed on the importation of Canadian cattle except for slaughtering at the port of landing. The Commissioners say that they heard a good deal of evidence with regard to those particular cattle, and there is "every reason to believe that they were not suffering from pleuro-pneumonia at all." They seem to have been convinced that the animals were afflicted with some affection of the lungs which had been mistaken for the deadly pleuro-pneumonia. Added to that, they regard as established

that for the last thirty years, "no cattle plague, pleuro-pneumonia, or foot-and-mouth disease has existed in Canada." The only trace of any of them having appeared occurred in 1884, when two consignments from Great Britain with foot-and-mouth disease were fortunately quarantined at Quebec and the disease did not obtain a footing in Canada. This is all prefatorial to the opinion that Canadian cattle are healthier than the Irish and, indeed, than the British. Thus the danger of infection is dismissed as a bogey, and the door is closed to another offered explanation. The assertion that Canadian cattle may carry infection from the United States is dismissed by the statement that the "Canadian frontier has been so guarded and policed that there has been no case of any such disease finding its way into Canada from the United States for the last thirty years." They go so far as to say that there is no need for quarantine. The system of inspection during the long voyage over to this country would procure all the information that quarantine would yield.

The next question to be discussed is what effect the free importation of Canadian stores will have upon English breeding. In the first place it must be granted that the cost of sending the stores to this country is a protective handicap. Home-reared calves ought to be able to compete on advantageous terms with those that have to cross the Atlantic. In Ireland and on the small upland holdings of Scotland it should be possible to rear calves at a cost that would render it practicable to sell them cheaper than those that come from Canada. The Commissioners do not go quite so far as this, because they admit that the removal of the embargo "might have a prejudicial effect upon the welfare of the crofters and small farmers in the high-lying grounds in the Highlands."

There remains to be considered the general effect upon home agriculture. We do not think it would be so disastrous as some of our farmer friends fear. Supposing that wheat-growing is carried on to something approximate to its present extent, there must be plenty of straw on the farm. During war-time this straw was a valuable asset. It commanded a very useful price. Now that military requirements are practically non-existent, the straw, instead of being a readily saleable article, can scarcely be given away for nothing. On the other hand, there is a growing scarcity of stable manure owing to the supersession of horses by mechanical haulage. Therefore, there must be some advantage in utilising store cattle to convert the straw into good manure. More intensive cultivation is the recognised need of our husbandry. The extent of British cultivated and, indeed, of cultivable land is extremely limited. A considerable portion of it in the immediate future will have to be given up to forestry. Hence there is all the greater need of a more assiduous tilling of the soil and a more liberal use of organic manure. We have often written in favour of an extended use of chemical manures, and every season is witnessing an increased recourse to this agency on the part of farmers, but chemical manures, invaluable as they are, do not give to the soil the humus needed for heavy crops. They can never be profitably applied by themselves to soil, but will only give good results when used to supplement farmyard manuring. More extended fattening, therefore, would in all human probability be the direct cause of an improvement in fertility of the soil. No increase in production worth speaking about has been made for the last thirty or forty years, and it is full time for a step forward.

It is very regrettable that some controversy has started about the personnel of the Commission. No one on it had any personal interest to serve, and, as far as we can judge, the summing-up is impartial and well informed. It cannot be to the real interest of a country which derives a considerable revenue from the export of pedigree cattle to other parts of the world that an embargo should be placed upon the importation of cattle from abroad, be it from foreign State or Colony, unless an impregnable case is made out against it.

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COUNTRY



NOTES

THE most pressing question of the hour is certainly that of unemployment. It will become even more urgent with every week that passes. Winter is coming closer and closer; therefore, outside action is called for and necessary. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, in an article in the *Times*, puts the case most persuasively for finding work for the unemployed on the roads. The scheme may not be altogether faultless, but it is as good as any other which has been suggested; and anything is better than the policy of frittering away public funds on doles. It was recognised before the war that the roads of Great Britain, which had been originally laid down for horse traffic, needed much radical change before they were fit for the mechanical traction which is now replacing the horse. It is impossible to relieve the unemployed without spending money, and money spent on the highways and by-ways of England would eventually yield a return in easier transport and, therefore, increased prosperity. A principle laid down by Lord Montagu is that each locality should deal with its own unemployed, and this is a very essential arrangement. Nothing but evil could come of drafting men away to various centres where they would have to live in tents or extemporised dwellings. If they are kept at home they will be, to some extent, out of temptation; they will live more cheaply, and their wives and families will derive the maximum benefit from their wages. Obviously, the expense could not be taken from those who pay local rates. The highway rate is already very high, and its incidence is manifestly unjust because the expense of keeping up roads is not due to local but to through traffic.

AS we write it looks as though the wind of common-sense is scattering the clouds that hang over the Irish trouble. Mr. De Valera's style of composition improves with practice. His later telegrams contain much less rhetoric than their predecessors. At the same time, he is still lacking in the temperament which brings "light without heat" to bear on a controversy. There now remains little except the conclusion of a verbal quibble between the two parties. Mr. Lloyd George has stoutly upheld the conditions that he laid down in his first letter, and he has the backing of the English people behind him. It is an absolute impossibility that this country should acknowledge Ireland as a republic or an independent sovereign state. She might thereupon become the centre of foreign intrigue, and that would be the reverse of a benefit to Ireland as well as an additional danger against which England would have to prepare safeguards. If he could show that in any way the liberties of the Irish people were infringed or show any handicap imposed on their development in their own way, then he would command attention. If he is a wise man he will listen to what American papers are saying about him. They one and all are agreed that he has had a chance greater than any previous leader of the Irish people. The offer made by the Prime Minister was such as Mr. Parnell would have jumped at, and no one will say that he was too easily satisfied. If De Valera but knew it, the feeling in this

country is that the offer, if it errs at all, errs on the side of over-generosity, but all this cannot be settled by letters and telegrams.

THE splendid send-off given to Sir Ernest Shackleton on Saturday shows that this country is at heart a nation of adventurers. There was no time in its history when it did not speed the traveller on his start and welcome him on his return, if he did return. The recent experience of great expeditions has been of a nature to show that the modern traveller in an unknown land is called upon to face as much danger as did his earlier predecessors and that his risks of death have diminished by very little. Every Arctic and Antarctic expedition has ended in a tale of heroism. No doubt it was the consciousness of this that brought so large a crowd to wish "God-speed" to Sir Ernest Shackleton. The thirty thousand miles which he hopes to cover in the *Quest* do not go through many lands that are completely unexplored, but a large portion of the voyage will be through seas known but uncharted, and there are difficulties which have not yet been fully and accurately described in print. The voyage of the *Quest* is one whose chief object will be to make that of successors more secure.

MANY of our readers will be interested in the result of a sale of land in Cambridgeshire which will have taken place by the time they are reading this. It is described as "glebe land," and the history of it was included in an article on "Reclaiming the Cambridge Wilds" which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 30th, 1919, and provoked a considerable amount of local newspaper correspondence and controversy. It was the kind of land which ought never in any circumstances to have been allowed to lapse, and it did so only as the result of a dispute, into which it is unnecessary to enter now. Before the Agricultural Committee of the Cambridgeshire County Council took the matter in hand the land was overgrown with thorn bushes that might more properly be described as thorn trees. It had only a sporting value, being let at 5s. 6d. per acre for shooting purposes, and the only attempt at management had been the cutting of drives. The reclamation, however, was soundly and well done, and excellent crops have been produced from the land. It is, intrinsically, worth good money to-day, and it will be very interesting to know what Messrs. Bidwell and Co. obtain for it.

THE HOUSE IN THE MIST.

Built out of darker mist it seems to wait
Until my breath shall blow it out of sight.
How then believe within its cloudy walls
Is blaze of orange light,
And sound of heedless voices in the halls?
So frail it hangs, so ghostly desolate,
No depth—just a flat shadow on the night.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

AT the conference of the Library Association last week Sir Charles Oman, M.P., made an appeal to printers on behalf of scientific publications. He referred to the monographs published from time to time by the learned societies. These are important documents which are not usually read except by experts. If a worker in science makes a discovery, he usually gives the first account of it to the learned society to which he belongs. It is published in pamphlet form if thought of sufficient importance, but the cost of printing is seriously interfering with its publication. Scientific papers, which would have been assuredly reprinted a few years ago, have now to be put in a pigeon-hole to await a fall in the cost of printing. Moreover, the proceedings of the society from the same cause are now curtailed as far as possible. The result is a great restriction in the output of scientific literature. He might have added that other literature suffers in the same way, particularly that of the young author. It has become so heavy an expense to issue a new book that publishers are very shy indeed of experimenting beyond the circle of well known authors, from which most of their revenue comes. This must mean a great literary loss to the nation.

THE railway companies have not been long after resuming control in developing a new and more enterprising spirit. It is illustrated by the steps taken by the South Eastern and South Coast Railways to overhaul their parcel tariff. The latter, especially, has made a very useful reduction; for example, a small parcel can be sent for sixpence which previously would have cost elevenpence, and this makes a great deal of difference to the small fruit-grower. Competition may be expected to induce others to follow the example. The high rates have exercised a paralysing influence on many useful industries which had built up considerable business on a basis of cheap transport. The distribution of fruit will occur to all at this moment. Every year shows that the area devoted to orchards and other fruit is increasing. Apples this year are so plentiful that even a small grower could spare a part of his produce if it were not for the railway rates. He has been accustomed to advertise so many pounds at a sum which included the cost of carriage—that experience has shown to be the most satisfactory way to do business. The purchaser sent his postal order or his cheque with his order and promptly received the parcel. It was an excellent method of distributing home produce, but was temporarily ruined by the high railway rates which were originally designed to stop this kind of traffic, which interfered with the use of the railways for military purposes.

STUDENTS of natural history will be delighted with the fine photographs and lucid article which we publish from Miss Frances Pitt this week, showing a thrush in the act of making its dinner of snails after having demolished the shells. It is the English method of working at natural history finely exemplified—a method very much in contrast with that employed on the Continent. The latter has its educational use, and we are not in the least inclined to decry it. Professor Bols in explaining why he sent us photographs of stuffed birds beside heaps of shells collected by human hands, points out that in the splendid pictures of the last edition of Monsieur Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques" dead insects are illustrated in order to show their attitudes near the nests, and he gives many other examples to make clear his point, that where illustrations are used in the same way as diagrams no hesitation need be felt in working from a dead animal. The object is instruction, not beauty. In this country our students of natural history try to combine the two. On very few occasions do they find it necessary to illustrate their text with a bird skin instead of a photograph of the living bird. In entomology it is very seldom possible to follow this ideal plan, and the preserved insect has perforce to be used for the purpose of illustration. Professor Bols himself is a well known and accomplished naturalist. He sends us some very detailed notes of certain shell examinations made at Tealby in this country on February 28th, 1915. We may possibly publish them later, as they go, in his estimation, to prove the use of the bird's claw and the fact that birds differ in their manner of attacking their little snail problems.

THE cost of living, of which we hear so much just now, is really a very ambiguous phrase. We do not very well know how it is arrived at. The Labour people say that you should go to the sellers and ascertain by actual purchase, but these prices differ unaccountably. Many of the small shops at which labourers deal charge a great deal more than the large stores. Several of the latter have brought down their price lists very considerably during the last fortnight or so, while others of them maintain the old rates. In the shops of little country towns food prices are at the moment higher as a rule than they are in London. These discrepancies always existed in some measure, but they never were so striking as they are to-day. The most plausible explanation is that the whole system was upset during the war when competition to some extent was neutralised. It is notorious that merchants in little towns were, in many cases, able to retire after the war. Those who succeeded them in business did not want to relinquish the high prices which the public had got into the habit of paying; hence there is so much confusion in the shops that we very much doubt whether the Labour Party or

the Official Party is able to state in correct figures what changes have taken place. One household may be experiencing the full advantage of the 2 per cent. drop which was announced a day or two ago. Another may have experienced a rise instead of a fall, while a third may be living very much more cheaply than statistics would lead us to infer. The whole thing is mostly guesswork.

IS Saul also among the prophets? is the question that naturally comes to the lips when we read of Philip Snowden enunciating the most orthodox views on economical questions: "So long as a workman believes that the harder he works for the time being the sooner he will be out of work the maximum output is impossible." Professor Pigou could not have stated the principle more clearly. "In most manufacturing trades the output could be quadrupled without any considerable increase of establishment or overhead charges." Nothing could be more true! It is of good omen and good promise of final agreement that a man like Philip Snowden has come to recognise the hard facts of economic science. It is not high wages, but the habit of frittering away time that accounts for the profitless industry of to-day.

HOLYWELL.

Along the cliffs to Holywell
Still beauty wrapped us round;
No voice, no footstep broke the spell
Of wind-borne scent and sound.

Sea pinks were rosy to our tread
Between blue wave and sky;
With every step an æon fled,
And Faerie drew nigh. . . .

Strange, tender, gay, majestic thrall!
By these untrodden heights
With lovely, laughing ladies all
Came Arthur and his knights.

They knew this secret well; beside
These grey old rocks they strayed,
Watching the washing of the tide
Turn them to elfin jade.

Lone lay the rocks and fairy bay,
Printless the yellow strands;
No eye since theirs, until to-day,
Has seen these silted sands. . . .

O dreaming folly! Let us go
Before the dream be marred,
Keeping the glory that we know
Superlative, unscarred!—

Lest nevermore at Holywell
Still beauty wrap us round,
No voice, no footstep break the spell
Of wind-borne scent and sound.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

MINERS probably make more than 75 per cent. of their purchases from the co-operative store, that is, the retail co-operative, and it would be interesting to know what the prices are now as compared with what they were in 1918. The wholesale co-operators complain that there has been a collapse in the value of commodities as well as a reduction in trade. In their latest report they show a decrease in revenue of £8,884,000 compared with the first six months of 1920. In their productive side the supplies received were worth £14,182,684—a reduction of £2,020,576. The total loss on the half-year's trading is £3,434,620. From these figures it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the price of living has fallen very much indeed, especially as in the report it is stated that the greatest loss has been suffered by the distributive departments. It amounts to £1,723,637 and is stated to be due to fall in values of stock.

THE number of road accidents has increased since the rain began to fall, and we imagine, although the facts are not stated in a summary before us, that the cause

in most instances was skidding. On the other hand, a woman who lives on the roadside lost two children in successive weeks, and in each case that was due to the greatly increased motor traffic on this road. There are pleasure cars ranging in size from the leviathan charrs-à-bancs to the little motor cycle and side-car. The quantity of tradesmen's vans and manufacturers' lorries far exceeds in number those in use before the war; thus a main road is becoming of very

little use to the pedestrian, and the houses on the roadside are difficult to let. It must be remembered that not so very long ago it was thought to be a convenience for a house to stand on a main road. Many of these dwellings were built in the eighteenth century by men of considerable social standing who used them for shooting and kindred purposes. Even in the nineteenth century there was a great demand for them, but now there is too much dust and danger.

AFRICAN LIONS

By W. D. M. BELL.

AFRICAN lions may be placed in two categories, those which kill their game, and those which live largely on carrion, as hyenas do. Among the former, carrion-eaters will sometimes be found, but this foul feeding is generally due to old age or broken teeth, and it is among these that the habit of man-eating takes place. While in

robust health and full possession of their power these lions will never touch dead meat, preferring to kill zebra, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, or even buffalo or giraffe; whereas the pig-eaters—as the lions of the second category are called—prey upon much smaller stuff, such as wart-hog, reedbuck, duiker, etc., failing which they will eat

armed guards. Their doings are recounted in the "Man Eaters of Tsavo," and I will only add to that able account the doings of an old Sikh ex-soldier and his son. It was when the Government had offered a large reward for every lion killed within a mile on either side of the railway. Fired with the prospect of immediate wealth, this old man obtained a Rigby Mauser .275 and he and his son took to hunting lions. There were then in East Africa troops of lions sometimes over twenty strong. Knowing from the permanent-way gangs of coolies the likeliest spots, the hunters began their operations. These consisted of building shelters from which to fire by night, and they were generally situated close to reed beds known to be used by lions. At first the shelters were quite elaborate affairs affording considerable protection. Familiarity taught them that no protection was necessary, and latterly the cache was merely a ring of boulders over which one could fire from the prone position. The old man could imitate a goat or a cow to perfection, but whether it was desire on the part of the lions to eat goat or cow, or merely



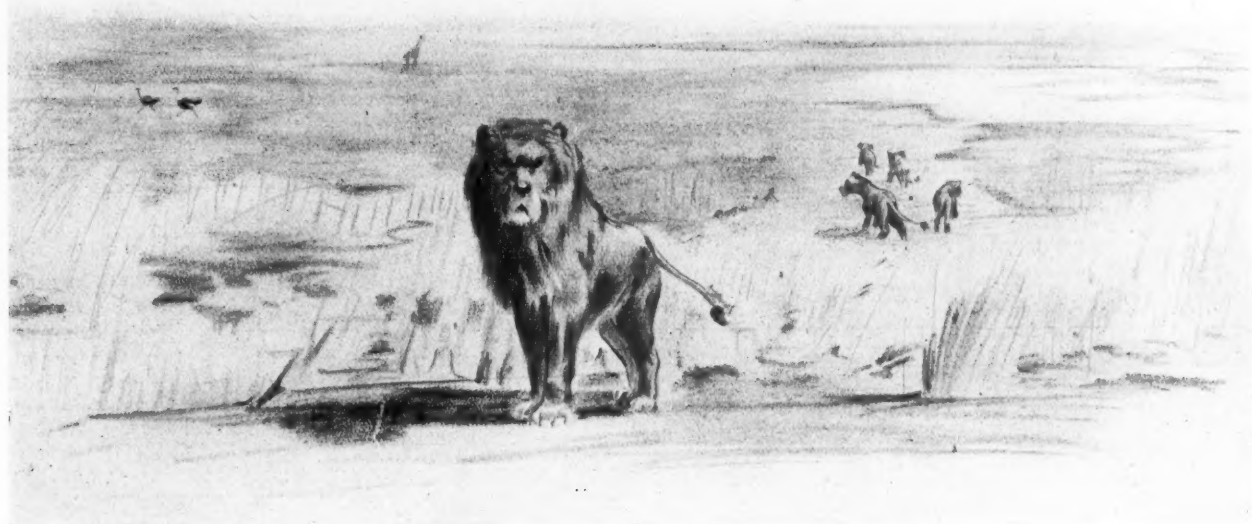
WHEN A WOUNDED LION CHARGES.
Add nerve-shattering growls, and this is the sort of thing you have to hit.

anything dead they may find. There are, therefore, lions and pig-eating lions.

Lions are much finer, bolder and more courageous than the pig-eaters. At night they will attack cattle inside strong zerebas in spite of fires, shouts and shots. When they take to man-eating they do it thoroughly, as, for instance, the two or three old lions which terrorised the coolie camps at Tsavo during the construction of the Uganda Railway. These accounted for some scores of victims in spite of colossal thorn zerebas, fires and



ANGRY.



"A MAGNIFICENT MALE DELIBERATELY TURNED AND STOOD FACING ME."



SPOTTED!

curiosity to find out what the strange noise was, must remain a mystery. Certain it is, though, that the Sikhs' cache was a sure draw. The young fellow shot straight and true, and lion after lion succumbed. In nine months these two men claimed the reward on some ninety skins. On about forty-five the reward was actually paid, there being some doubt as to whether the remainder were killed within the mile limit.

As East Africa became better known sportsmen came in greater numbers for big game, and many lions were killed. At this period some extraordinary bags were made. The hunting was done entirely on foot, and it was not until later that the use of ponies and dogs for hunting lions became common. Sometimes the natives could be induced to drive them out of their strongholds, the great reed beds of the Stony Athy. To do this armed only with spears requires some nerve, as most men who have entered these reed beds will admit, even when armed with modern rifles. The reeds are not the little short things we know in this country, but great high strong grass well over a man's head.

This hunting of lions by men who were novices at the game was attended by many casualties. I was told that in one year out of about forty visiting sportsmen who devoted themselves seriously to lion hunting, twenty were mauled. Of these twenty, more than half were killed or died from the effects of the wounds. The lions of that period were extraordinarily bold and courageous. In the early morning on those huge game plains I have walked steadily towards a troop of lions numbering a score. Just as steadily walked away the troop—no hurry or fear of man.

When I ran, a magnificent male deliberately turned and stood facing me. As I approached he advanced quietly towards me, while the others idled along in the opposite direction. One could hardly imagine a finer sight than this great bold fellow facing the rising sun on the dead open plain. But it was futile swagger on his part, for he was not a man-eater. He had killed and eaten to repletion like all the lions on those plains. And yet, there he was, deliberately advancing without cause or reason. This is the only instance in my experience of a lion, as it were, meeting one; more often they are off to cover, although when pursued and pressed they will sometimes turn.

The reason of the high mortality among those who hunt lions casually is, I think, the simple one of not holding straight enough. Buck-fever or excitement, coupled with anxiety lest the animal should slip away, is probably the cause of much of the erratic shooting done at lions. This frequently results in flesh wounds or stomach wounds, which very often cause the lion to make a determined charge; and there are a great many things easier to hit than a charging lion. Great care should be taken to plant the bullet right. The calibre does not matter, I am convinced, provided the bullet is in the right place. Speaking personally, I have killed sixteen lions with .256 and .275 solid bullets, and, as far as I can recollect, none of them required a second shot. One showed no sign of having been hit. This was a lioness which galloped across my front. I was carrying a Mannlicher Schonauer .256 loaded with solids. I let drive at her and she carried on as if untouched. I thought that I had missed her clean, until I found her some way further on, stone

dead. Search as I would, nowhere could I find either entrance or exit bullet hole, and it was not until she was skinned that I found the tiny wound channel through the kidneys. This lioness had had a companion lioness, and in the evening as I was pottering about I was astonished to see her walking round the flayed carcass of her dead friend: both of them were very old. When lions have cubs and are disturbed they will sometimes show fight. I have seen a native severely chased in one direction while the cubs scuttled away in the other. I do not think that the lioness really meant business, as it would have been an easy matter for her to have caught the native. She merely scared the wits out of the lad by bounding leisurely along, growling and snarling in an alarming manner.

Lions in their encounters with game frequently come by nasty wounds, as almost any old lion skin will show. They are often bested by buffalo, and this is not surprising when one considers the weight and strength of an adult Cape buffalo. The



CHASING OFF AN INTRUDER.

surprising thing is that an animal weighing 300 lb. to 400 lb. should ever be capable of overcoming such a powerful, active and heavy one as the buffalo. But, probably—as Selous observed—lions attack buffalos *en masse* and not singly.

The oryx, with their scimitar-like horns, occasionally kill lions outright. These beautiful antelope are extraordinarily dexterous in getting their 3-ft. horns down from the normal position, where they almost sweep their backs, until the points are presented almost straight in front. This movement is so quick as to be scarcely visible. Lions have been found pierced from side to side.

In country where game is very plentiful lions are distinctly casual in their hunting. I have seen one rush at a zebra, stop when within about ten paces of it and turn indifferently away. When I first saw him he was about thirty or forty paces from the zebra, and he covered the twenty or so yards at terrific speed.



DRIVEN OUT OF THE REED BEDS.

As a game animal the lion affords first-class sport, and sportsmen will be glad that some protection has been given lions in East Africa. This, combined with the large stock in the game reserves, should ensure good sport for many years to come.

"STRICKLANDS."

PERSONALLY, I think it was hard on poor Mattha Duckett. It always is rather hard on a man that his wife should so often be right about things in general by dint of that extra something-or-other with which Providence has seen fit to endow her (and which no man in his heart has ever really believed in yet); but when the event of her being right includes a coffin for himself and a beef-and-ham burying and arvel-bread and death-scarves and black gloves for the bearers (or would have included most of these things if it hadn't been war-time, or if Mattha had been his own grandfather), well, it seems to me harder still. And poor Mattha had no choice, as he said himself. He made a little song about having no choice when he began to be ill. This was the little song, and he made no end of a song about it.

Gaa agen t'Government, finish in quod!
Gaa agen t'missis, finish in t'sod!

His wife didn't like it, naturally, though the Government didn't care. Still, he hadn't much choice, had he? Not that he really believed in that extra something-or-other even then. He only pretended he did to get all the sympathy that was going.

It was war-time, as I said before, when we were all keeping pigs and poultry and Belgian hares, and bottling everything we could lay our hands on, from shanks of rhubarb to old hens; and the swords that the soldiers were not allowed to take to France seemed really being turned into ploughshares up and down the country. Tractor-ploughs, too, tore the nap off the ground like a lot of enormous turkeys, looking about as much in place as the plesiosaurs. We put up with them, however, because the abnormal note which they struck linked them somehow with the battle zone. They would pass, we said to ourselves, as the war itself would presently pass. . . .

It was far worse to see the horse-plough that knew better turning up old grass-land that should never have been touched. It was like putting a priest to pull down the temple in which he had been ordained; like setting a sheepdog to slay his master's sacred sheep. . . .

Still, it had to be done—at least, some people thought so who were in a position to think aloud—and so it was done, though by a good deal of pushing and pulling. Mattha Duckett was one of the folks who had to be pushed before anything happened, but when once you had pushed him you couldn't stop him. Nothing was stopping him that day I went up to Stricklands and beheld him ploughing the Kirk Mound—not even a voice from nowhere, that flowed as freely as Lupton Beck.

He was ploughing across the slope of the hill, with brown horses in front of him and a swirl of white gulls behind, and the blue of his kyle was hedge-sparrow's egg blue against the startling blue of the March sky. He said, "Ah—wee!" to the horses, as ploughmen have said more or less ever since we stopped using blue woad, and they slanted their ears back at him, and then pricked them up at the screaming gulls. When he reached the top of the curve he loomed large against the sky—the World-Figure, the Eternal Ploughman. . . . Then he dipped below the breast of the hill, and the wake of white gulls was left swirling and shrill behind.

South of me I could see Stricklands, with a dwelling-house that would never have looked like a house at all if Nature hadn't happened to like the people who lived in it, and hammered and beaten

and mossed it until it was part of herself. One of Mattha's fore-elders had created it simply by going to a contractor and ordering a house so many feet long, high and wide. When it was finished they discovered that it was a couple of feet short, which annoyed the fore-elder. The contractor, however, soon put that right. He merely built on another two feet of wall at the gable end.

I looked over the hedge, and the voice that was flowing like beck-water stopped as if stopped by a tap. I saw a dreadful sight when I looked over the hedge. . . . Old Mrs. Duckett was lying on the opposite wall in her frilled sun-bonnet and print gown, with her nose and her toes cocked to the sky, and her wrists and ankles tied with spare bits of Mattha's ploughing-cord. . . .

I ran round the field in order to intercept Mattha without crossing the furrows, but it was some time before I caught him. No matter how hard or how slowly I ran, by the time I got to one end of the field he was always miraculously half way back to the other end of it again. When I did corner him at last he looked hugely surprised, staring at me out of his seamed face, that looked so young at a distance, with his kind, patient, eternally young eyes.

"Mattha," I said, completely embarrassed when it came to it, but making a desperate effort to be tactful,

"Mr. Duckett, that is—there's—there's something wrong with your wife."

He said: "Oh, ay?" looking placidly past me and straight ahead, precisely as if Mrs. Duckett's cocked-up toes were not cutting a twenty-mile view in half.

"She—er—seems a bit backset and foreset," said I, fatuously.

"Oh, ay?"

"Not to say—er—tied by the leg."

"Oh, ay?"

He pushed back his cap and scratched his head, smiling at me, while I gaped at him helplessly. Then instead of saying "Oh, ay?" a fourth time he said "Ah—wee!" and there he was ploughing away up the field with his brown horses and his blue kyle and his swirling, screaming cloud of gulls.

I went over to Mrs. Duckett and fumbled diffidently with the cord, while she lay stiff as a poker and with her mouth shut like a box-lid. I helped her down from the wall and we walked to the house together in silence. It was not until we were snug over a cup of tea and some currant scones, and a cat or two, and some chickens in a basket, and a lamb that was "a bit weakly-like," all gathered together round the kitchen fire, that she unfolded to me the inner meaning of the occurrence.

"Ye see, 'twas like this," she said, giving one of the cats a slap for showing too much interest in the chickens, opening the basket and saying "Sweet, sweet!" in a voice that was suddenly as sweet as the word, and lending the lamb a finger to suck by way of temporary encouragement—"Mattha was in a terble tew when plooin'-orders come aboot yon meeder, but after a deal o' glumpin' an' sic-like he sattled doon tull it, as men do. (Ay and like enough swing roond t'other road, and be as set on' as a clooky hen!) But I didn't saddle tull it, not I. Theer's a deal folks don't know, and my mother used to say as theer was always a epydemick o' some sort when old grassland was ploored oop. I want nowt wi' epydemicks at our spot, as I tellt our master, so, as fast as he turned t'furrows I turned 'em back. He gitten that mad at last he took and fixed me on t'wall, but I've t'reets on't, all t'seeam. Theer'll be a judgment o' some sort wi' all this maapment aboot grass-turning, as sewer as duck-eggs is duck-eggs!"

Well, judgment or no judgment, there was certainly influenza—that speedy and sinister sort with pneumonia attachments that hustled you heavenwards like a Handley-Page. And Mattha caught it, with all the attachments he could lay hands on and a bit over. And died. . . .

CONSTANCE HOLME.

A THRUSH AT ITS ANVIL

BY FRANCES PITT.



1.—Jack as a nestling.



2.—The thrush carrying a snail to his anvil.



3.—Having given the snail a sharp rap on the stone, the force of the blow makes it fly from its beak. He is looking to see if the snail will need further treatment. The snail may be seen at the extreme right hand of the photograph.

EARLY in 1918 Miss M. D. Haviland wrote to me asking whether I had by any chance a tame thrush, and, if so, whether I could make some experiments to ascertain if the song thrush has any preference for any particular variety of the common banded snail (*Helix nemoralis*). She had made experiments with free birds by tethering snails in the open, and the results suggested that possibly the dark, heavily banded forms were distasteful.

As I had not got a thrush I took a young one from a nest and reared it by hand. As it was nearly ready to fly when taken it was old enough to know I was not its parent! It would not take worms unless pushed down its throat, and on account of being forcibly fed it got named "Mrs. Pankhurst." It soon gave up the hunger-strike and ate furiously, easily disposing of two and a half ounces of worms in the day! As thrushes feed their young entirely, or almost entirely, on earthworms, this gives some idea of the destruction of worms during the breeding season.

By the way, has anyone noted that thrushes and other young birds are very quiet while in the nest, but as soon as they have left it keep up an incessant squeaking?—this being, apparently, to enable the old birds to find them quickly and easily when bringing food. "Mrs. Pankhurst" squeaked everlastingly, only keeping quiet when so gorged "she" could not



4.—On further examination he finds the shell is cracked, so seizes the snail where its soft body protrudes.



5.—And beats the unfortunate creature on the stone until all the shell falls away from its body.



6.—Having eaten several snails the thrush declined to look at any more.

open "her" beak—I say "she," but maybe it was really "he." The little wretch took a lot of looking after, and then showed her gratitude by getting away just at the age when she could feed herself. Though very tame, she was far too wide awake to let me catch her, and I had to get another young one and begin at the beginning again! There may not be much in a name, but I didn't call the second "Pankhurst"!

Taken younger, "Jack" was not quite so much trouble and, to cut a long story short, was safely reared. When quite adult I offered him two snails, a plain yellow and a banded one of the formula 1 2 3 4 5, i.e., with five bands. I expected him to know instinctively how to deal with them; however, he took no notice of them until they began to move, when he hopped up to them, looked at them, pulled their feelers, and seemed much astonished when they disappeared into their shells. Presently the performance was repeated, and again his interest waned with the disappearance of the snails. It was evident he had no idea what they were or how to deal with them and there was no instinctive response whatever. Another trial was made with like results; but on July 1st, when four snails, two plain and two banded (both 1 2 3 4 5), were placed before him he showed rather more interest. When one, which had begun to crawl about, retreated into its shell for protection from his pecks, he picked the snail up by the mouth of its shell and shook it as if slaying a worm. Yet he did not attempt to hammer it on the stones provided as anvils! The following day the performance was repeated—the bird very much interested in the snails, and much puzzled when they did the vanishing trick. He carried a yellow one round the cage by its lip, and at last in seeming impatience swung it round and thumped it on the ground so that it flew from his beak and half across the cage. He hopped after it, picked it up and, jumping on to an overturned dish, beat the snail on its bottom. It rolled away from him still unbroken, whereupon he picked up another, and all five snails were subjected to the same treatment in turn. Unfortunately, I was then called away, and on returning fifteen minutes later found he had smashed and eaten his first snail in my absence. It was a five-banded one. He learnt much from this experience, for when, later on in the day, offered more snails he went to work in a more businesslike manner and was not long in reducing one to fragments.

I am convinced from watching this bird that the peculiar snail-breaking habit of the song thrush is not a specialised instinct but a development through individual experience of the generalised impulse to beat unmanageable food. Jack

always beats large earthworms, caterpillars, etc., and I have even seen him pick up a chip box and knock it in a playful way against a chair leg. Any food difficult to manage is beaten by the bird before attempting to eat it.

As far as the snails were concerned, all the different types of banding were eaten equally readily. For the purpose of the experiment not more than three snails at a time were put before him, i.e., a plain one 0 0 0 0 0, a banded 1 2 3 4 5, and an example of the very dark fused type (1 2 3 4 5), and when one had been selected the others were removed. Altogether, out of fifty-six unbanded twenty-six were eaten, out of forty-nine 1 2 3 4 5 twenty-one were eaten, and out of thirty-nine (1 2 3 4 5) twenty-three were eaten. When three snails were offered plain were eaten five times out of twenty-three; 1 2 3 4 5 were eaten nine times out of twenty-three, and (1 2 3 4 5) were eaten nine times out of twenty-three. When two snails were offered (banded and plain), plain were eaten twelve times out of twenty-one, and banded were eaten nine times out of twenty-one.

This proves that "Jack," at any rate, made no selection of any one type, and it must be remembered that he was very well fed and could have afforded to exercise his choice if he wished to.

Apparently, the preponderance of certain types at some thrush anvils is due to the local distribution of varieties. And, probably, the results obtained by Miss Haviland with her tethered snails were due to pure chance. I must add that Miss Haviland was most kind in helping with the supply of snails, sending numbers from Cambridge.

Besides the different types of banding, various colour varieties were also put before the thrush, but his choice was again indiscriminate. He also accepted eagerly examples of *H. arbustorum* and the big *H. aspersa*.

The attempt to photograph "Jack" at work was difficult, for his movements were very quick, and he did not seem so keen on snails when placed in brilliant sunshine. Moreover, the very fact of being taken out of doors upset him, and the photographs had to be taken through the wire of his cage, as he would not look at snails when let loose in the greenhouse or put in a strange place. It was a tiresome business, and the results were, after all, far from what one would have wished; however, they illustrate the method of holding the snail and show how, when the shell has been cracked, the bird inserts his beak, takes the snail by its slimy body, and hammers it until all the shell falls away.

LORD ROSEBERY AS A WRITER

Miscellanies. Literary and Historical. Two vols. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

IT is impossible to imagine a time when Lord Rosebery will not be considered one of the most interesting figures among the public men of his period. That is saying a good deal, because he has been associated with many illustrious contemporaries. The distinction with which we are brought into contact just now is literary in character. Mr. John Buchan has happily persuaded the Earl to permit the publication of a very representative collection of his literary studies. His fascinating and brilliant political career does not come up for consideration at the moment, as these studies are confined to letters and history. We have spoken of his contemporaries, many of whom have won laurels in the same field, but not quite in the same way as the Earl of Rosebery. Lord Morley, for instance, has earned renown as a writer, but not exactly in pure literature. Above all, Lord Morley is a student of philosophy, and next to that he is a politician. Probably he will be remembered most by his "Life of Gladstone" and his studies of the most thoughtful minds connected with the French Revolution. Mr. Gladstone, again, whose name is linked with that of Lord Rosebery in many points of his career, was more inclined towards theology than *belles lettres*. Even in his studies of Homer he was apt to fix on the religious element. It is only necessary to recall such names as those of the Duke of Argyll, Sir William Vernon Harcourt ("Historicus") and others to see that in the earlier part of his career Lord Rosebery was in contact with writers of distinction. Later on he was the friend and confidant of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose biography of his father has already become a classic, and the reader will recall various other public men living or recently dead who sweetened the rougher controversies of politics with devotion to the purest offspring of the Muses.

Lord Rosebery, however, occupies a field peculiarly his own. It is typified by the fact that the place of honour in these volumes is given to the national poet of Scotland, Robert Burns, and few more sympathetic essays on that great and lovable personality have ever been written.

The various papers which have been gathered together by Mr. John Buchan are divided into two classes—platform and study, spoken and written. The discourse on Burns is a centenary address delivered at Dumfries in 1896. The paper on Dr. Johnson had a similar origin; it was spoken at the bi-centenary celebration at Lichfield in 1909, and the Thackeray appreciation belongs to the same category; so does that of Cromwell, except that it marks a tri-centenary. "Frederick the Great" first took form as an introduction to the "Memoirs of Henri de Catt," 1916. "William Windham" was the introduction to the "Windham Papers." "The Coming of Bonaparte" is from the *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1912; "Sir Robert Peel" is from the late Lady Randolph Churchill's famous but short-lived magazine the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

Between a speech delivered and a written essay there will always be a considerable difference, as witness how much more difficult oratory is to read, greatly as it may have impressed an audience when it came from the living lips. The difference between the spoken and the written word is not so great in the case of Lord Rosebery as it is, say, in that of Gladstone or Bright. In the former the glow seems to have gone out of the finest speeches, and in the latter only a handful of specimens of noble eloquence can be gleaned from volumes of speeches. The explanation is that the speaker, to be successful, must make his meaning absolutely and immediately clear to the hearer, while he who reads instead of listening can stop to consider the shades of any particular passage or cast back if he has missed something essential to the meaning. It would be interesting to know what quantity of midnight oil Lord Rosebery burned

in the preparation of his speeches. Some of them might have been written beforehand from beginning to end; in others there is a break where, we imagine, the orator passed from improvisation into the considered language of his manuscript. But even if that be granted, the intelligent orator, when he sits down to prepare his speech, does so with the consciousness that it must be either read to the audience or repeated. He is preparing a monologue, and success in its delivery will depend largely upon a ready appreciation of its sense by the auditors, although, of course, in as great a degree upon the sympathy and energy with which the ideas are expounded. It must happen most frequently, we imagine, that the great public speaker does not commit to writing the words he means to use, but that he arranges his ideas in their logical order and, perhaps, thinks of one or two pithy phrases with which he can drive an idea home. Whatever his method was, Lord Rosebery has succeeded in delivering his message in straight and clear terms and in good English prose. A fine example might be found in a paper called "The Press of the Empire." It was delivered at the banquet to the delegates of the Imperial Press Conference on June 5th, 1909. Lord Rosebery's note to the privately printed edition runs as follows:

This speech has been disinterred as a memorial of a unique occasion. The assemblage of journalists from every part of the Empire was unparalleled, and may well have contributed to the burst of imperial enthusiasm which has been the glory of this war. Not less remarkable and most vivid to the speaker were the physical conditions. The immense gallery, dotted with little tables like tents, looked like a vast encampment which no voice could hope to compass, and which was paralyzing in its effect. Moreover, the deafening and incessant bombardment of fireworks outside was sufficient to complete his discomfiture. Few speakers can have been more afflicted.

Those who remember the speech think nothing of the fireworks that disturbed the speaker. All else is lost in the memory of a fine voice from which flowed the strains of simple and pure eloquence that held the great audience spellbound. The following passage, especially, fell like music on the ears of all who were present:

Yes, gentlemen, that is the motto of this occasion, "Welcome to your Home." Some of you, many of you, have never seen your home, and you will see something in the course of the next fortnight which I will not boast of, but which in its way is unmatched in the world. You will see an ancient and a stately civilisation. You will see that embodied in our old abbeys and cathedrals, built in the age of faith, and surviving to testify that that faith is not dead in Britain. You will see it in the ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and St. Andrews and Aberdeen, shrines of learning which are venerable not only from their antiquity. As you pass about the country you will see the little villages clustering about the Heaven-directed spires as they have clustered for centuries. You will see the ancient Mother of all Parliaments—the most venerable progenitor of free institutions—the House of Commons.

The speech forms a splendid hymn to the glory of the British Empire.

Yet the ways of the politician differ from those of the writer pure and simple. The politician must be able to gather and distil the sentiment of the audience. Between him and his hearers a sort of magnetic intelligence is established which often carries him on to say much that he did not meditate. Gladstone was peculiarly prone to be carried away by the manifestations of the audience, and Lord Rosebery in the world of books shows that he was not quite free of the habit. For instance, his discourse on Robert Louis Stevenson reads like an echo of a public opinion that has changed considerably during the last twenty years. It is late in the day to describe "Treasure Island" as that "masterpiece to applaud which old age and youth combine"; and his eulogy on the style of Stevenson would not command the assent of later literary critics. Occasionally, too, Lord Rosebery has travelled out of his ground. His "Thackeray" is scarcely worthy of himself or his subject. He is delightful, however, in those essays which are grouped under the heading "Genius Loci"—Eton—the Royal Palace of Whitehall—Epsom—The Turf—The Political Aspect of Buckinghamshire, subjects all done in what we may call his lighter vein, but full of the shrewdness, the observation and the sympathy which belong to the personality of the man. It will not be a complete library which does not possess these substantial volumes which contain so full an expression of the individuality of one of the most highly cultivated men of his day and generation.

British Heraldry, by Cyril Davenport. (Methuen, 6s.)

ONE of the most interesting small volumes published for some time past is this of Mr. Cyril Davenport's on British Heraldry. There can be few people who do not know something of heraldry, but there are fewer still who have much certain knowledge of it—who can tell, for instance, without resort to the dictionary what "cadency" is or read a coat of arms in heraldic terms. Armoury may be regarded as a survival of the totems of our wild ancestry, as a gleaming, many-coloured window through which we may see something of the richness and romance of the Middle Ages, as a language of symbols brought to a high and peculiar significance. Its facets of interest, all to be found here, are many. Mr. Davenport's book will be useful both to the student and to the plain man who merely wishes to understand the significance of what he sees.

BOOKS WORTH READING

DRAMA.

Six Short Plays, by John Galsworthy. (Duckworth, 5s.)

Angels and Ministers, by Laurence Housman. (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pastiche and Prejudice, by A. B. Walkley. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

Portraits of the Nineties, by E. T. Raymond. (Fisher Unwin, 1s.)

Lords and Commons by Sir Henry Lucy. (Fisher Unwin, 18s.)

Mayfair and Montmartre, by Ralph Nevill. (Methuen, 15s.)

SOME NOTES FROM ST. ANDREWS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE Calcutta Cup was quite interesting, but it was a very mild second best to the Jubilee Vase, partly, perhaps, because there is no very tangible reward for the winners, but mainly because it is played on the New Course. The change to foursomes was all to the good and a foursome tournament on the Old Course would have interested everyone, but as long as the Old Course is next door, you cannot get golfers to care much about the New. They will not practise on it beforehand and the moment they are knocked out they are back clamouring for numbers on the Old. One really feels sorry for that New Course, as if it were a human being unfairly slighted. It is a capital course—or would be, if it were anywhere else in the world. It has a poor finish; the seventeenth, calling for no more than a drive and a simple pitch, strikes a note of weakness at a most critical place. Otherwise it is uncommonly good. The greens are smooth and true; the excessive rough, as to which the professionals protested so loudly at the time of the championship, has been rendered far less murderous; there are some really fine two-shot holes, as to which my only criticism, a purely personal one, is that I cannot quite reach them in two. In short, it is a good sound test of straightforward golf; but nobody can have a fair chance in this world who is constantly being contrasted with a too fascinating neighbour just across the way.

THE CALCUTTA CUP.

There was a very large number of extraordinarily close finishes, but whereas in the Jubilee Vase there were many halved matches which passed both parties through into the next round, in the Calcutta Cup one pair or the other just managed to win at

its last gasp. There are so many scratch and plus players at St. Andrews in the autumn that one of their number nearly always wins. Therefore it was an excellent thing that this time the receivers of strokes should be victorious. The big guns, Mr. Tolley and Mr. Pollock, Mr. Wethered and Mr. Hambro, disappeared on the first day; and, though a scratch couple, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Weaver, survived to the final, they went down before Mr. Shewan and Mr. Playfair, each of whom is rated at 3. Mr. Shewan will not receive so many shots again. He is a fine young player with plenty of slash and length who knows how to play his iron clubs and can use the wooden putter. He is so promising that it seems a pity he should take so many practice swings and make his natural and graceful game appear a little laborious. However, if he and his partner took a long time over their putts, it was their putts that did the damage. I have seldom seen a more heartbreaking sequence of long ones than those at the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth holes in the final. Mr. Playfair holed the first two and then Mr. Shewan "put the lid on it," to use an expressive piece of modern slang; he made a long losing hazard of Mr. Weaver's ball, after that ball, perfectly struck, had jumped rather cruelly out of the hole. Golf would, no doubt, be a dull game if these things did not happen, but one feels sorry for the particular victims selected by Providence.

A GALAXY OF PUTTERS.

St. Andrews, with its very big and beautiful greens, is a paradise for the really good putter, and so there is always a great deal of discussion there as to who is the best putter. And there has certainly been a galaxy of fine putters there during the last week or two and many rival claimants. Mr. F. R. Scovel and



A. D. D. MATHIESON
(Edinburgh Academy), Winner.



G. H. LINTOTT
(Felsted), Runner-up.



D. A. IBBETSON
(Lancing), Runner-up.



C. D. WILLIAMS,
(Swansea) Semi-finalist.

Mr. Stuart Wyatt, who played together in the Calcutta Cup, were clearly two of them. Mr. Scovel has devised for himself a rather curious stance, with the left leg very stiff and the toe pointing far to the left of the hole. It makes him keep his body wonderfully still, and he hits the ball a smooth and caressing blow. Mr. Wyatt is of the crouching school and horribly reliable. In marked contrast to him is Colonel Skene, who stands upright and looks very fierce. He keeps a long way from his ball and hits a bold, free blow with his Gassiat putter that has a big square block of wood for a head. Then there is Mr. Mure Fergusson. A sore back has sadly shortened his driving; he cannot get his hands high over his shoulder as he used to do, but his putting, at once so nonchalant and so menacing, remains admirable. His partner in the Calcutta Cup complained that he had no practice on the New Course greens because Mr. Fergusson always laid him stone dead. Consequently, when he at last did have to tackle a holing-out putt he did not know how to do it. Another very fine putter is Mr. J. B. Grimond, for whom I feel a special weakness, because he putted my partner and me out of the competition. He is quite a short player, who cuts his coat according to his cloth and never tries for more than he can do. When he gets to the green one has the uncomfortable impression that there is no limit to what he can and will do. Mr. Tolley, of course, is a fine putter, with a capacity like Mr. F. G. Tait's for holing a very long one when it is most wanted. Mr. Edward Blackwell, whatever he was in his youth with a cleek, is deadly with aluminium; and there are several others who must go unsung because I have no more room for them.

SLOW PLAY.

A distinguished golfer of the older school at St. Andrews told me that I ought to preach a sermon against slow play. When he was a boy, he declared, he and his contemporaries reckoned they could get round the old course with a clear green in an hour and fifty minutes. To-day, with the green anything but clear, it regularly takes three hours almost to the fraction of a second. The disparity, says my critic, is too great, and golfers have got into a habit of pottering, whereas they might just as well walk at a reasonable pace. Furthermore, he says that they take too many practice swings of a set and elaborate nature, when they need do no more than give a little switch as they walk up to the ball just to get the feel of the club. He took as an illustration one match in the Calcutta Cup which, with nothing in front to impede its progress, took three hours in the playing. I felt that his lash was descending on my own shoulders as well as other people's, but I think he is right, if rather too severe. You cannot get a huge, motley mob of golfers of all sexes, ages and degrees of incompetence to move fast, but it could move faster than it does, if it would bestir itself. And over-elaborateness in studying putts and practising swings is a habit of which one could to some extent break oneself by hard trying. A few years ago American golfers were famed for going slow and indulging in complex preliminaries. They realised this tendency and cured it. At Hoylake this year it was noticeable that they played, on the whole, much faster than we did.

BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY!

The Girls' Championship, or as it is often and irreverently called, the Flappers' Championship, is now a comparatively old institution, for it has now been played for three years at Stoke Poges. The boys have hitherto been neglected, but the Ascot Club this year had the notion of giving them a Championship too. It is, no doubt, possible to adopt the line of the heavy father and say that little boy golfers should be seen but not heard of. On the other hand, there is no question that in order to play golf well as a man it is a great thing to begin as a boy; and, further, that there is no practice so good as that of playing in competitions. This meeting at Ascot seems to have struck the happy mean very successfully, for the boys, who came from a variety of public schools, had a good time and good matches and have not been unduly puffed or glorified.

The winner, A. D. D. Mathieson, came appropriately enough from a Scottish school that has produced many fine golfers namely, Edinburgh Academy. In the final he beat G. H. Lintott of Felsted after a great struggle at the thirty-seventh hole. Mathieson was downy three, but lost all the last three holes. Then, as so often happens, the player who had been throwing away his advantage in rather a demoralised mood, took a pull at himself and won after all. Mathieson certainly showed a stout heart in playing those terrible extra holes, for in the semi-final he beat D. A. Ibbetson of Lancing at the twentieth. There was a close finish in the other semi-final also, Lintott beating C. D. Williams of Swansea by two holes.

In the Girls' Championship there is seen every year a gallant but unavailing struggle by the wearers of the pigtail against those who are grown up young ladies. It is the former who "intrigue" the on-lookers and have all their sympathy, and, in particular, three very remarkable little golferesses from Sunningdale, the Misses Barbara and Nancy Griffiths and Miss Ruth Phazyn. Alas! they all disappeared quite early this year. Miss Muriel Wickenden, who has a fine swing and great power, carried the pigtailed banner as far as the semi-final, when she was beaten by Miss Parkinson at the 19th hole. In the other semi-final Miss Audrey Croft went down with an unexpected crash to the tune of 6 and 5 before Miss Sarson. Two years ago Miss Croft won the tournament. Last year she reached the final and then hurled the match away. This time again she was disappointing, for she has really good golf in her; but no doubt Miss Sarson is very strong, for she trampled with almost equal ruthlessness on Miss Parkinson in the final.



MISS WINIFRED SARSON,
Winner of Girls' Championship.



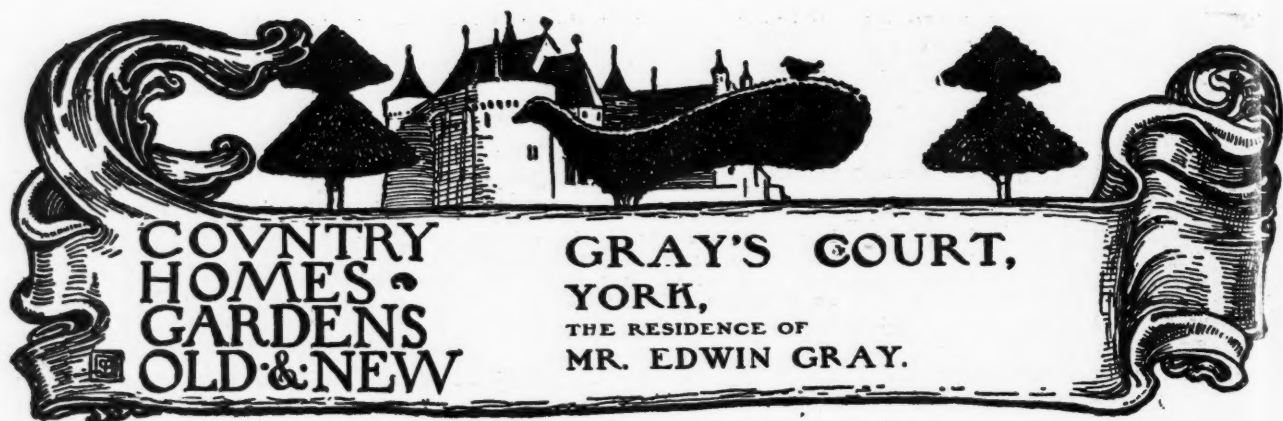
MISS MARJORIE PARKINSON,
Runner-up.



MISS AUDREY CROFT,
Semi-finalist.



MISS MURIEL WICKENDEN,
Semi-finalist



AS the sentimental antiquary with pensive steps takes his way through York he forgets that the town is the capital of one of the world's workshops and, encouraged by the ancient relics that line its streets, he fancies himself in a city of the dead. To him the prospect of business is ungracious, of prosperity incongruous, of bustle disgusting; even the sound of youth is dissonant to the gentle melody of decay that pervades its winding "gates." He would have none but the aged to totter along the glistening pavements on an autumn evening, none but the infirm to kindle the lamps that illumine shop and parlour as he passes, or to butter the steaming teacake which is the immediate object of his progress.

Over this fragrant repast our antiquary would question the old people upon—

The memorials and things of fame
That do renown this city.

But here two facts would go a long way to dissolving his reverie. The first is the undeniable, irreconcilable existence of Change—for which purpose, if he knew his Aristotle, he would know that any community has its being. Through York the stream of life flows as undeniably as the Ouse, but—here is our good fortune—never strong enough to sweep away all the husks that have contained the life of past generations. It has sufficed

only to fill them with new life, to encrust them with a time-defying film of veneration. To alter the metaphor, the play has changed, but the setting remains the same. In every scene adaptation to the requirements of an endless play is perceived and presents strange anomalies, ludicrous incongruities. Yet it is that adaptation which has preserved the tattered scenery of the past.

The second outcome of his conversation would be less agreeable. He would realise that in a city, just as the faces that pass are more numerous and their memory, therefore, more difficult of preserving than in the countryside where every peasant could tell him the story—possibly garbled and probably untrue, yet, none the less, the story as it is accepted—of any landmark or venerable pile, in a city the native knows, how often, not even the name of his neighbour, let alone the adventures of his predecessor in the house he inhabits. He has already experienced that difficulty in his previous wanderings in York—some account of which will from time to time be published in these pages. But what could he do in most of the fine houses that he explored, as he opened one door after another, but let a crowd of dumb, unidentifiable ghosts rush past him with, to him, meaningless gestures? They could tell him nothing. No one living remembered, few cared.





2.—THE UPPER GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.



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3.—THE ENTRANCE HALL OR LOWER GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE NEW STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

How pleasant, therefore, it is to come upon a group of houses where the ghosts can speak, and where their recollections, dim though they be, have been recorded, as in this instance by Mrs. Gray. In the Treasurer's House and Gray's Court—part of the same conglomerate edifice—we know the spell by which we may bid them play once again the great acts, and the key to the identity of the dim wiseful shadow people before us. Once again Jacques Stern swells with proud obedience to the Duke of Cumberland, and young Laurence is shown his uncle's new parlour. Once again we see Mr. Aislabie brought home dying upon that fatal Sunday morning when he went to that church whither his wife could not go. But we must approach this unique fragment of York house-history more soberly, and not fall victims to Gibbon's vice of relating stories by implication.

North-east of the Minster, within the liberty of St. Peter or *Shira archiepiscopica*, as the Close, formerly surrounded by its own wall, was called, stands a group of buildings known during the time when gentlemen wore flowing locks as the Great House in Minster Yard; of these the principal portion is the Jacobean mansion known as the Treasurer's House, with which we shall deal another week. Behind it two wings run back so as to form with the main block three sides of a square. The more westerly of these is a long featureless building known as Gray's Court, though originally the whole group went to make up the Minster Treasurer's official residence. Of this group of buildings, apparently set up by Archbishop Thomas (1070), the twenty-fifth prelate to wear the archiepiscopal mitre, nothing remains. A line of pillars incorporated in the east wall of Gray's Court (Fig. 1) are of thirteenth century work. In the entrance hall (Fig. 2) can be seen the pillars on the left, and the contemporary western exterior wall, with a mullioned window on the right and a pointed one just beyond the clock. It is presumable that a similar wall ran at a corresponding distance to the east of the pillars and so formed a long vaulted hall. In the ground floor of the front of the Treasurer's House there is more thirteenth century work, though of a less distinct type.

The Gothic hall, of which these are the remains,

was probably a thirteenth century addition to a Norman edifice on the site of the Treasurer's House, neither of them being the first upon the site. The Treasurer's House almost certainly, and possibly Gray's Court, followed the lines of a Saxon building itself based on Roman work, thought by some to be nothing less than the Imperial palace. The discovery in the cellars of the Treasurer's House of the base of a Roman column and a section of the *via* known to have run from Monk Bar to Botham, beneath the site of the Minster, and the court formation not usual in York, would point to the existence of at least very considerable Roman building thereabouts.

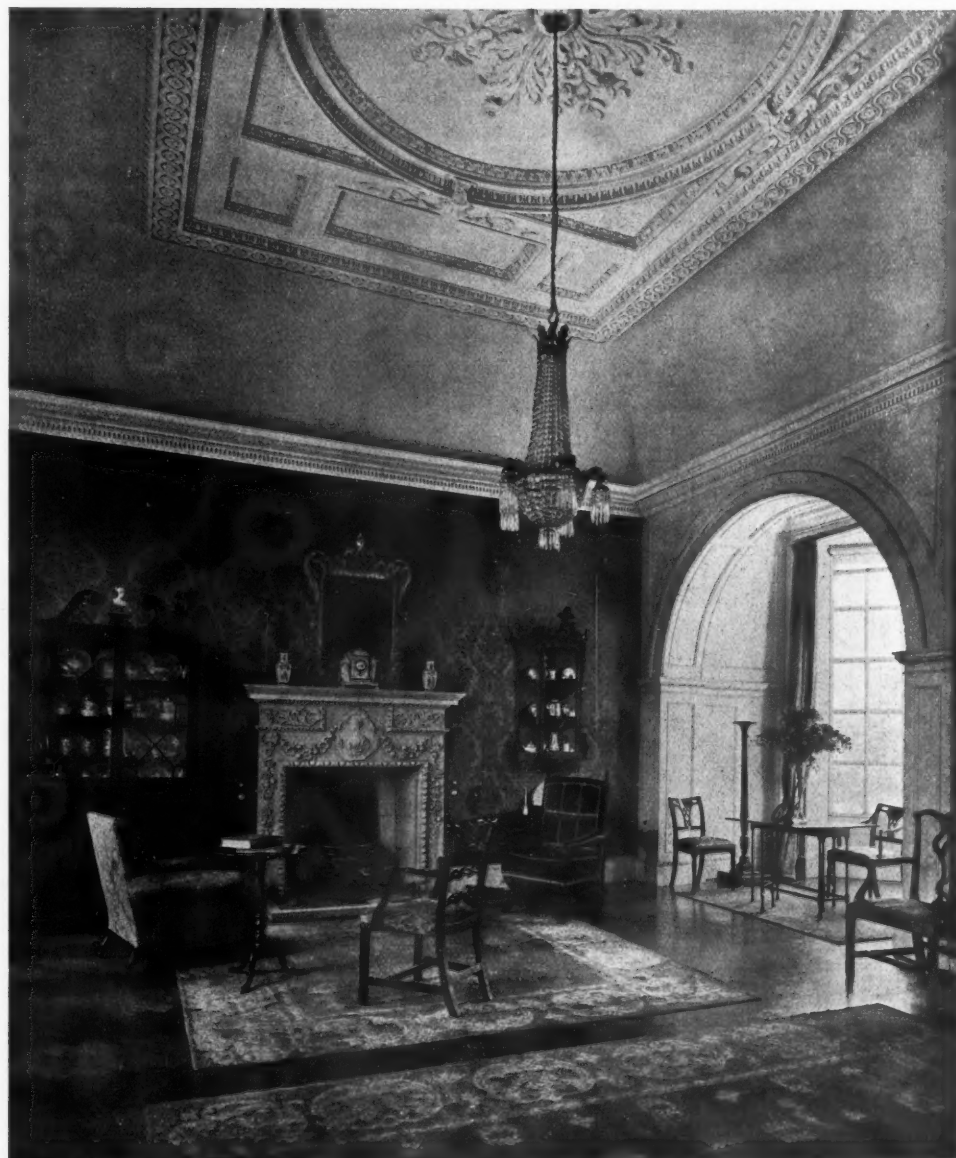
At the Reformation in 1537, because that "a repto omni thesauro, deest thesauro manus," the place was granted to Lord Protector Somerset, who was in the North at the time of the Pinkie Campaign; he, however, sold it to Archbishop Holgate, who was also President of the Council of the North, for 2,000 marks as his private property—probably for a residence for his wife, whom, to show his adherence to Protestantism, he had recently married, and subsequently repudiated out of affection for Queen Mary and his place. His trustees sold it to his successor, and founded a hospital at Hems-worth, Holgate's Home, with the proceeds. It was owned by archbishops until in 1588 the widow of Archbishop Young settled it on her son George, who in 1603 was knighted by James I at Whitehall. On the occasion of that King's visit to his native land in 1616-17 he stayed at York on his way thither, when the Corporation made him the pleasant gift of a standing cup and cover (probably one of the steeple cups so much the vogue just then) and a purse of £3 price containing 100 double sovereigns. As the King's manor was given over to the Royal person and retinue, Edmund Earl of Sheffield and Mulgrave, the President, came to lodge with Sir George Young and entertained King James to a banquet, after which the King dubbed eight knights, including Sir John Hotham, who defied his son at Hull in 1642, Sir Thomas



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5.—WEST END OF UPPER GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE DRAWING-ROOM

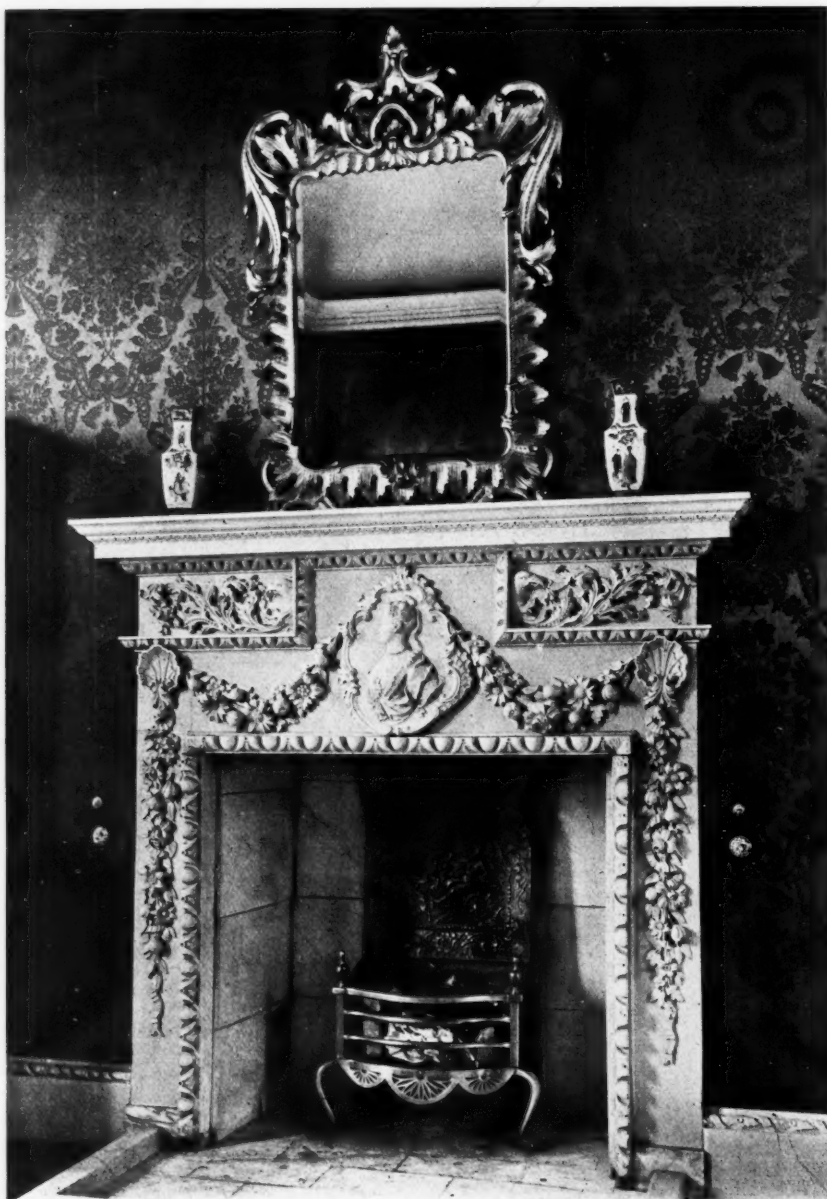
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—EAST END OF UPPER GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Hungate and Sir William Ingram. The banquet presumably took place in the hall of the Treasurer's House, though the gallery of Gray's Court must have been built by that date. It is, indeed, probable that the Youngs, receiving the place from the Church, rebuilt the whole residence, including the long gallery (Fig. 2).

By 1649, however, Sir George Young, impoverished by the wars, sold the property to Sir William Belt, a municipal official and, of course, not a Royalist. Belt sold it to Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Fairfax, who in 1663 again sold it to Mr. George Aislabie. Soon after this the Duke of Buckingham, who had married the Lady Mary Fairfax—though her banns with Lord Chesterfield had twice been read—came in his virtual exile to live in York, occupying his father-in-law's new house and renaming it Buckingham House. With what unwonted delights he enlivened the town!

He who in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

And just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.

With him may be said to begin York's phase of gaiety, not, indeed, as a substitute for London, nor even as a spa, but as the residence of many gentle families in preference to their often ruined or bankrupt estates.

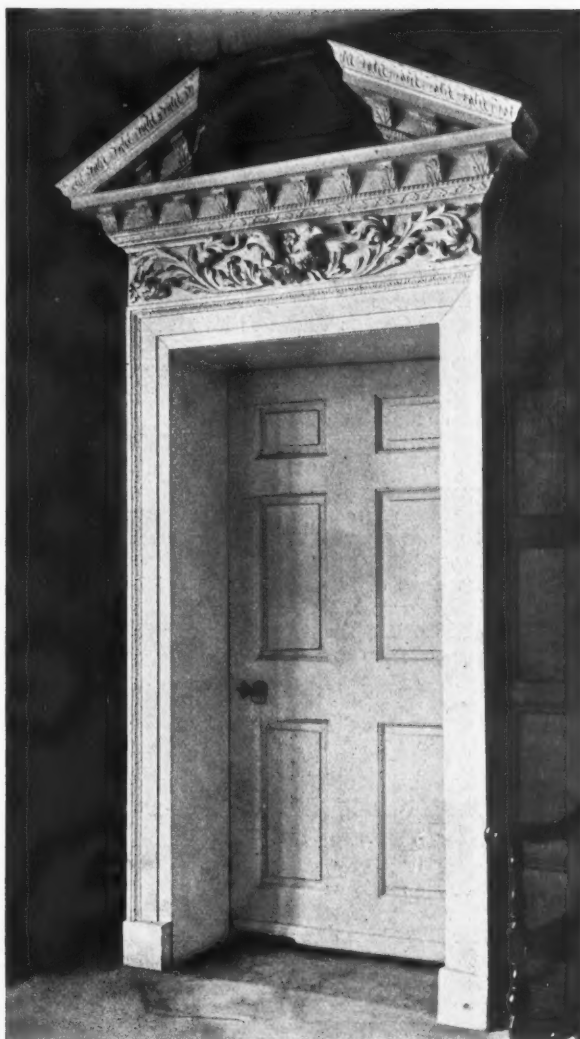
To one of his masks, on a Saturday evening, came Mr. Aislabie and his wife, who was a daughter of Sir John Mallory of Studley, near Ripon, and with them the pretty little Miss Mallory, his sister-in-law. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Aislabie can have been very good chaperons, for, tiring of the dance in a manner observable in comfortably married couples, they returned home while the ball was at its height, leaving Miss Mallory and a certain Mr. Jonathan Jennings, who was a neighbour of the Mallorys, with the enthusiasm of two young people who loved each other, to dance the dawn up, and telling her that a lackey would await her return. In the early morning Jennings and his lass stood before the doorway—but no lackey! Jennings swore that "it was a hard thing that a daughter of Sir John Mallory should stand before the gates of an Aislabie and not be admitted." As dawn became Sunday morning Jennings, breathing vengeance, took his drooping beauty to where he himself was lodging with one Dr. Watkinson. But there was no sleep for Jennings; a second was procured, who roused Mr. Aislabie from his too long slumber with the information that Mr. Jonathan Jennings desired to meet him in Penley Crofts, where they might discourse something concerning the honour of the Mallory family. In vain Aislabie told the truth, but then discovered that the lackey had gone to Buckingham House to escort the lady home. In vain Mrs. Aislabie entreated: "Love, will you not go to church?"

"Yes," he replied, "but not to the church you go to," for the first peal of the Minster chimes, calling the good people of York to matins, was to be the signal for a very different service to begin, the service of honour. The two crossed

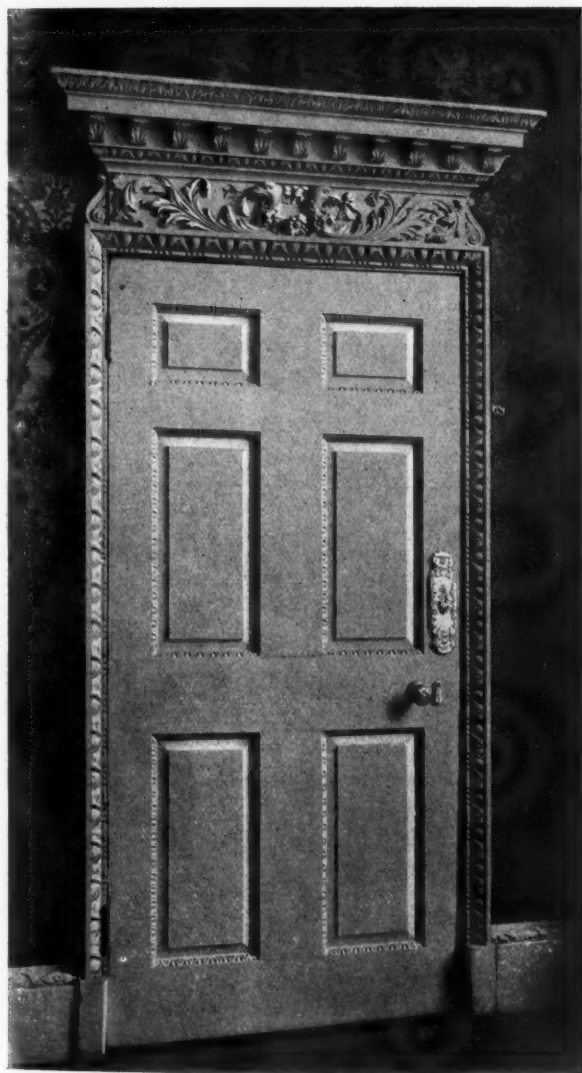
their swords, and soon "George Aislable satt himself upon the ground, and then Mr. Jennings askt him if he had got a wound; and Mr. Aislable told him he had got on(e) in the arm." He was carried home, only to die. Poor little Miss Mallory never married, but as an old maid lived a life sad and grey enough, save for that vivid scarlet patch of memory. Let us hope that her sister was kind to her. The man Jennings was had up for manslaughter—for Aislable was an influential person—but received the Merry Monarch's pardon and lived to be a member of his royal brother's first and only Parliament.

In 1679 John Aislable, son of George, entertained that future James II when on his way to Edinburgh during the troubled times of the Exclusion Bill. Although the Corporation waited upon him here, it was thought at Court that sufficient attention had not been paid to him. His Royal Highness the men of York knew well to be a Papist, and the esteem in which that religion was held in the city was not high, for as late as 1684 many Roman Catholics were in prison on Ousebridge in cells which the floods could render all but uninhabitable. Among such unfortunates were Mary Fairfax, daughter of Colonel Hengate (killed at Chester) and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Hengate (knighted by James I in 1616); Francis Aiscough; Ancketillus or Anchtel Bulmer of Tarsdale, County Durham; Francis Osbaldeston, of eighty years and bedridden; the Worshipful Mary and Margaret More, who lived on a farm, the direct descendants of Sir Thomas More, died in Ousegate cells for their persuasion.

In 1698 the house was sold to Sir Robert Squire, who probably carried out alterations on the west side of Treasurer's House—putting in the Venetian windows (Fig. 1) as well as a staircase and various interior decorations. In 1720 his widow, Jane, first divided up the house, and it has never been reunited, between a Canon Lamplugh and a Matthew Robinson. Robinson, who had the portion known as "the Great House"—that is the western half of what is now the Treasurer's House and Gray's Court—sub-let it to Lady Preston, widow of James Graham, Lord Preston, who succeeded Sunderland as Secretary of State in October of 1688—just before



10.—DOORWAY AT WEST END OF UPPER GALLERY.



Copyright.

9.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"C.L."

William's landing. Preston was arrested in December, 1690, off Tilbury on his way to St. Germain's with news of a Protestant plot hatched by himself, Clarendon, Dartmouth, and Turner, Bishop of Ely. The plot was important because its discovery reinstated Carmarthen, Lord President of the Council and virtually Prime Minister, in popular favour for five years (when he fell for the second time, over a matter of bribery), and, by the finding of Turner's papers on Preston, assured William of the Jacobite tendencies of the non-juring bishops and thereby enabled him to fill up their sees. Lord Preston, we learn, when in the Tower, used to write a confession every morning and burn it in the evening when he was merry (Dalrymple's Memoirs, Appendix). He died in obscurity in Yorkshire in 1695. About 1740 the Great House was bought by Dr. Jacques Sterne, Archdeacon of Cleveland and Precentor of the Minster, and uncle of Laurence Sterne, himself a cleric—vicar of Skelton—who had a house in Stonegate. Jacques Sterne added on the present drawing-room, which, with a perfectly plain exterior, contains some of the best interior work in York. It seems to have been in this room that the Duke of Cumberland supped the night he stayed in York on his way south after Culloden, and in the long gallery that he was received by the Corporation, where James I and the Duke of York had been before him. In 1767 Canon Sterne sold his portion of the buildings to the Hon. Henry Willoughby, who lived here until, in 1788, he succeeded his father as Viscount Middleton and sold it to Mr. William Gray and Faith Hopwood, his wife, whose descendants live here to this day—the family who have owned it longest since the Reformation secularised the site. This William's son it is to whose industry we owe the records here condensed.

The house did not assume its present state until about 1900, when Mr. Temple Moore worked for Mr. Frank Green in the Treasurer's House as well as for Mr. Edwin Gray. Mr. Moore's alterations consisted chiefly in devising the entrance from the courtyard and in doing away with a partitionment which had been agreed on in the nineteenth century by which the house was divided between two generations of Grays. The hall has therefore only recently assumed the appearance

shown in Fig. 3, having till then been treated as a vault. The staircase (Fig. 4) leading to the gallery is his work, and, if a little flamboyant in some of its details, is yet a suitable means of access to the charming gallery shown in Fig. 2. Here Jacques Sterne's additions are much in evidence—the door-cases with their delicately carved architraves on which swirling acanthus scrolls terminate in eagles' heads *regardant* (Fig. 10). Fig. 9 shows the drawing-room door, but the ornament is much the same in all three cases. But more especially to be noticed are the twin fireplaces with their beautiful stone overmantels, in which the oval recess, much employed by the York decorators (see "Arncliffe Hall," *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XLVIII, p. 846), is flanked by festoons and swags of roses. In Figs. 2 and 7 should also be noticed a set of Charles II oak chairs with scrolled feet, and the sixteenth century Italian court cupboard.

The drawing-room (Fig. 6) lacks the restful proportions usually attained by the eighteenth century builders. The bow window lends comfort rather than symmetry, and the coved ceiling is heavy in proportion to the height of the wall space. The fireplace, however, in carved wood and marble, cannot be bettered by anything in York. The work is exquisite. An irregular rococo cartouche of a delicacy suggestive of Rysbrack bears a bust of the Princess Augusta, patron of the Sternes, mother of George III and the moving spirit with Bolingbroke and Cobham's Cubs of the Leicester House Opposition, who sought to rival George II's Court in everything—even setting up Buononcini against the Court favourite Handel—which prompted Pope once to remark:

Strange, all this difference should be
"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee

—not perhaps a very striking epigram, but of interest as showing that Mr. Dodgson did not invent the British Castor and Pollux.

The French windows at the end of the gallery (Fig. 7) look out upon a section of the ramparts. The lion-surmounted gate piers were originally set up before the minster front of the Treasurer's House by a Miss Grimston in the late eighteenth century, but in 1902 they were presented by Mr. Green to Mr. Gray as a thank-offering for the latter's removal of some unsightly stable buildings that were an eyesore to the former. A charming gesture that speaks as much of the courtly past as do the lions which rendered it possible.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH

THE discussion on the Age of the Earth has attracted the largest attendance of scientists of any of the meetings held at Edinburgh during the past week in connection with the British Association meeting. Of the thirteen sections dealing with specialised branches of science, four of these sections—namely, the physicists, geologists, zoologists and botanists—have joined forces for a joint discussion on this fascinating problem. As might have been anticipated, no definite agreement has been reached as to the period of time which has elapsed since the earth's crust became solid. But something in the nature of a *rapprochement* has been effected, and as a result of the discussion we at least know how far scientists have advanced in their views since Lord Kelvin made his estimate of twenty millions of years. As Sir Oliver Lodge pointed out at the conclusion of the discussion, it was only fair to the memory of Lord Kelvin to say that, in regard to this question, that great scientist had carefully guarded himself against misunderstanding by adding "provided no unexpected source of heat is discovered." The unexpected source of heat has been discovered in the form of radio-activity, and 1,000 million years now seemed a more probable duration of geological time than the moderate estimate of Lord Kelvin. The geologists were not so liberal in their estimate, and put forward 400 millions as a probable figure.

But the problem is complicated and suffers from lack of reliable data. The radium content, for example, is supposed to extend to a depth of some twenty miles below the earth's surface, and the calculations have been based on this assumption. Now, the internal structure of the earth is highly problematical at the present time. Our knowledge of the interior comes almost entirely from a study of the earth tremors recorded on delicately constructed seismographs, from which we are led to believe that the central core of the earth is a nickel steel sphere

surrounded by a thin surface-layer of solidified slag. The depth of this crust is still a matter of uncertainty, and hence all estimates of the stored up energy of radio-active substances, which probably only occur in the solid rock of the crust, are liable to errors.

The shape of the earth is uncertain. It was Columbus who first gave the death-blow to the flat earth theory at the end of the fifteenth century. The earth was then believed to be a sphere, but now our ideas are modified. If we allow for the bumps and depressions on the earth's surface, what is the shape of the resulting geoid? Supposing the earth were made of the same material throughout, then its theoretical shape, under the combined influences of gravitation and rotation, would be an ellipsoid of revolution; but it is known to differ slightly from this.

Three different theories are put forward at present concerning the internal structure of mountains on the earth's crust. The French geologist Bouguer regards all mountains as composed of solid rock, a solid extra mass supported by the crust. Helmert, the German scientist, argues from the result of gravity determinations on the Alps and in the Rockies that, although the mountains may appear solid to the geologist, they are not so solid as they look. He concluded that the extra weight of mountains is practically negligible, and they will behave as empty eggshells or mountains of air! Another theory, and one which has found great favour in America, is the theory of isostasy. As defined by Sir Sidney Burrard, this theory states that all mountains and heights standing above sea-level are compensated by deficiencies of matter underlying them below sea level, and that all oceans and surface hollows dipping below sea level are compensated by excess of water underlying them in the crust. The essential difference in the theory of isostasy and that of Helmert is in the degree of compensation. According to Helmert, this compensation takes place at sea level, and in the theory of isostasy at some depth, about ten miles, below the sea.

But we cannot even speak in terms of certainty of sea level. Mean sea level is usually reckoned from Liverpool, but it is now believed that the true mean sea level should be some 8 ins. higher than this. The rhythmic variations in level of enclosed or partly enclosed sheets of water, thought to be due to earthquakes, have not yet been fully explained. These seiches, as they are called, were first noted in 1730 in Lake Geneva, where a variation of five or six feet was recorded, and later they were observed in Scotland. A rise and fall of 2½ ft. at five-minute intervals was noticed in Loch Lomond and similar seiches in Loch Katrine. The movement of the earth's polar axis in a period of 432 days is constantly changing our latitude by a small amount, while the slight movement of the earth's centre of gravity, perhaps a foot or two up or down the polar axis, may be due to changes in the mass of ice at the Poles.

These are some of the problems which the earth presents to scientists, as well as that of exploring and mapping her continents and inducing her to reveal her age.

W. G. W. MITCHELL.

CHILD'S THOUGHT

I think God must be very kind,
With such a wise and tender mind,
To think of all the lovely things
Like trees, and flowers, and *birds* with *wings*.

The Sun that's like a golden ball,
The blue sky sheltering us all,
The lovely moon whose silver light,
Shines through the darkness of the night.

The Stars, those flowers of the sky,
When our Earth flowers all sleeping lie,
That softly shining one by one
Come out as soon as daylight's done.

How kind of God to think of those,
So when we cannot see the rose,
He sends a star, to let us know
He still remembers us below.

JESSIE PHILLIPS MORRIS.

SOME EARLY ADAM FURNITURE

AT No. 19, ARLINGTON STREET.

BY ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

IN the description of the house in Arlington Street, as altered and redecorated by Robert Adam for Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart., in 1763-66, reference was made to four original letters from Neilson at Paris, relating to the famous Boucher-Neilson tapestries made for Moor Park, but hung in Arlington Street since 1784. It is not clear to whom these letters were addressed, but it seems probable that it was to some agent for Sir Lawrence Dundas. A "Mr. Giddes," for instance, appears as having paid an instalment of his charges to Adam. The first letter is dated January 19th, 1767, and it refers back to one of October 6th, 1766. Neilson says that Foley (the banker) has cashed the order for 300 louis on account of the tapestries in hand for Lady Dundas. The writer had also received a letter of October 27th giving particulars of her order to be begun at once, and with "un fond gris tel qu'il Pinz sur les Tableaux en grand." This is explained by an item in the final account, "Plus pour avoir etablie sur une toile a peindre de toute la grandeur de la Tapisseries et avoir employer deux Peintres pour etablir toutes la composition de la grande Piece. 600^H," and also evidently relates to the charge of £7.7.0 made by Robert Adam, "To a Section of the Gallery Design for Tapestry and part of the border at large (sent to Lady Dundas at Spau)." As this account of Adam's was paid March 3rd, 1766, his design would be made in 1765, and the enlargement to actual size was evidently made in Paris in the first half of 1766. Probably Lady Dundas was afraid of the pink ground, which we see at Osterley and Newby. This letter of 1767 goes on to say that Neilson at once went to see Boucher, "qui a bien voulu suspendre tous ses autres



THE ARMCHAIR OF THE SUITE.



EARLY ADAM SETTEE OR "SOPHA" FOR SIR LAWRENCE DUNDAS, BART., 1763.



CONSOLE TABLE WITH AGATE TOP.



SMALL SETTEE REDUCED FROM ADAM'S DESIGN.



CONSOLE TABLE, ADAM DESIGN FOR SIR LAWRENCE DUNDAS, Bt., 1763.

ouvrages," in order to paint the two figure subjects in the ovals, and adds that the artist promises them to Neilson by the end of April, 1767.

The letter then deals with two lustres, which are to be smuggled into England with the luggage of the Prussian Ambassador, "Je ne vois pas aucun autre moyen, vu que tous ce qui est Dorure est contrebande in Angleterre." It is a question what these "lustres" were, as in 1769, among disbursements of 300^l, is an item, not priced, "pour avoir fait demonté les deux lustres, et les avoir fait mettre a neuf par le Dorure." It seems probable that they were chandeliers of glass for the gallery at Moor Park, and not the pair of candelabra with blue-john bodies, which are now illustrated, as the latter seem to be English, and probably came from the Soho works of Mathew Boulton.

The next letter of October, 1768, is unimportant; it refers to two payments, received on



ADAM PEDESTAL AND SOHO (?) CANDELABRA.

account, of which there were three altogether: October 2nd, 1766; July 2nd, 1767, and April 19th, 1769, all of 7,200^l each.

The third letter, May 15th, 1769, states the conclusion of the work, which had thus extended over two and a half years, and, in sending the bill, Neilson says, "Comme cette Tapisserie est une ouvrage unique par sa nouveauté et par sa grandeur, Je n'ay rien negligé pour qu'elle serve a ma réputation, elle a eu icy le plus brilliant success. Son Altesse Monseigneur Le Prince de Conde ma charge de decorer une partie du Palais Bourbon, dans le meme gou et sur les memes desseins." After recalling that he had the measures given him on June 5th, 1766, "par le Colonel Wedderburn," he says that Mr. Seton had seen the work last Thursday, and had left

for London, and would give a personal account of it to Lady Dundas.

In the fourth letter, July 3rd, 1769, Neilson refers to a very pressing letter from Mr. Thomas Dundas, ordering the tapestry to be sent off, and says that he had written to him on the 22nd, and to My Lord Comte de Rochford, probably in view of the passage through the Customs. He asks that the tapestry shall be stretched in place at once, "C'es de moyen de voir le effet general du tous ensemble et pouvoir juger l'effet. J'espere que cet ouvrage aura autant de success a Londre qu'il en a eu a Paris, ou il a ete fete come un ouvrage unique. Je seray flatté de scavoir la reussite en les sentimens de ceux que l'auront vu en place."

The tapestry was rolled on a cylinder, and in the vacant space of the packing case a small piece of tapestry was enclosed to be forwarded to Wm. Weddell at Newby. No doubt a sample with the pink ground for the drawing-room at that house.

The Account on the half leaf of the letter of May 15th, 1769.

Memoir du Montan des Tapisseries ordonnes pour le service de Mr. Le Chevalier Dundas.

Scavoir		
Pour la grande Pieces.	39 . 1 . 2	
Pour les Côtés.	11 . 6 . 3	
Pour les dessus de Porte.	4 . 12 . 2	
	Total	55 . 3 . 7
vingt-cinq aulnes, trois seizes, sept seiziemes at 300 ^H l'aune fait.		16564 . 9 ^s .
Plus six fauteuils de Parade a 300 ^H chacun.		1800 .
Plus deux canapés evalue pour huis fauteuils.		2400 .
Plus un nouvel Ecran.		240 .
Depuis il a été ordonne en Mars 1768 pour la partie vis a vis le chemine deux pieces de Tapisseries continante.	9 aune . 4 . 12.	
Plus six morceaux pour le dessus des Mirror portan chacun 1 ^{au} 1 ^s . 2 pour les six.	6 . 6 . 12.	
Plus pour six morceaux dessus les glaces.	1 . 8 . 6.	
	Total	17 . 3 . 14.
Dix Sept aulnes, trois Seizes, quatorze seiziemes a 300 ^H l'aune fait.		5172 . 13 . 1
Plus deux banquettes a grand accotoire evalue pour Cinq fauteuils a 300.		1500
		27677^H 2^s . 1^d.

Sur les quelles reçu a Compte.		
le 22 nd Obre 1766.	7200 ^H	21600 2 ^s . 1 ^d .
le 2 Juillet 1767.	7200	
le 19 Avril 1769.	7200	

Reste pour faire payment des Tapisseries. 6077^H 2^s . 1^d.

It is evident, therefore, that the covering of the sofas and chairs was part of the design of the room as a whole, and no doubt the gold chair and "sopha" frames were made by Norman to Robert Adam's instructions. Mrs. Harris, writing to her son from Pall Mall in August, 1763, says: "I have spent the whole



RICHMOND CUP. ADAM SILVER PLATE, 1770.

morning partly with Norman at Whitehall and partly at Norman's warehouse; and have given (what are for us I think) large orders, though not so great as those of Sir Lawrence Dundas, who has ordered furniture from Norman's to the amount of ten thousand." Probably the Arlington Street furniture was included in this amount, which in the main was for Moor Park.

Adam's direct responsibility for the important furniture is shown by his bill of charges:

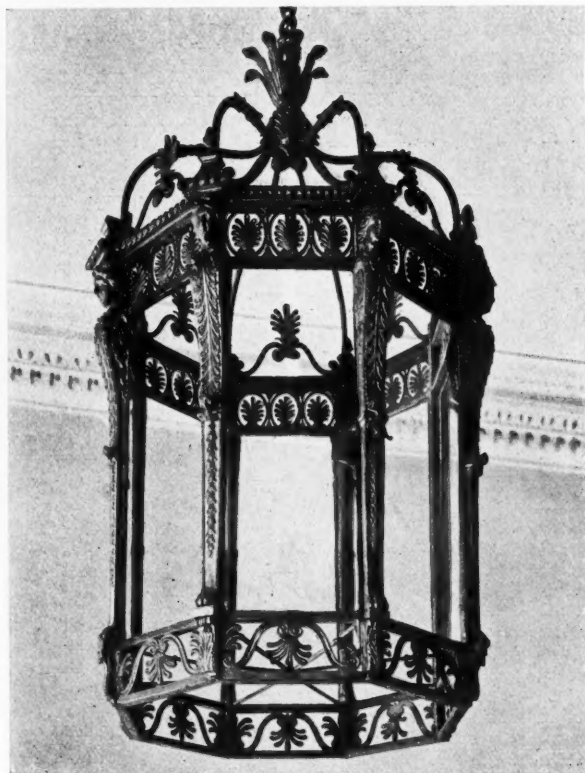
"To design of frame for Sir Lawrence Dressing Room £3 3 0
To design of glass frame for Lady Dundas's do. £3 3 0
N.B.—These frames were drawn at full size & given to the Carvers."

Some of the existing furniture, however, is of the standard earlier type and may have been chosen from stock. The settees with curved ends are to an Adam design, but reduced from 5ft. to 3ft. 6ins., with the omission of two legs. The large "sopha" and the console table are in exact accordance with the drawings in the Soane Collection dated 1765, and the arm-chair evidently belongs to the suite.

The gallery at Moor Park, to the left of the entrance hall on the ground floor, is about 60ft. by 20ft. and has five windows on the flank wall, while opposite is a central fireplace with two doors at either extremity of that side. This gives two blank spaces large enough for the "deux grandes pieces." The ends of the room have each a pair of windows. This plan also allows of six "Glaces" between the windows on one wall, requiring pieces of tapestry above and below them, as well as for the making up pieces over the two doors and the fireplace opposite. The two semicircular Adam console tables would fit against the centre piers between the windows at the two ends of the gallery, and probably had tall mirrors over them which, with the curtain boxes, would fill up the space and not require tapestry. Two chandeliers of glass would certainly be needed for the lighting. It will be noticed that two long sofas and six large chairs are provided, as well as an "ecran" (screen).

In the original scheme of the Gallery decoration at Moor Park there was a painted ceiling, for the design of which Adam charges £12. 12s. Unfortunately, the drawing for this, as well as the tapestry design already referred to, are missing in the Soane Collection. There is an item "to cash for the whole of the paintings to the Gallery [ceiling (?)] which are ready to be put up £275.0.0." These would, no doubt, be Zucchiols, circles and panels, as at Harewood and other Adam houses, to be inserted in the general plaster-work design of the whole. It appears also that Norman received £200 cash for gilding at Moor Park, probably in this same Gallery.

One of the most interesting treasures in the Arlington Street house is the "Richmond Races" Cup of silver gilt. The original Adam design for this was given in an article on



STAIRCASE LANTERN. EARLY ADAM DESIGN.



ADAM SETTEE WITH NEILSON-BOUCHER TAPESTRY COVERING.

"Silver Plate by Robert Adam," in a previous issue of *COUNTRY LIFE*. It is one of the two designs made for Mr. Thomas Dundas, and in Adam's bill of charges is the item, "To 2 drawings of cups for the Richmond races £5 5s. 0." As, however, this bill was paid in 1766, there may have been other cups to the same design, because on the rim of this existing cup are two inscriptions, "Richmond Cup, 1770," and "Charles Crowle and Peregrine Wentworth, Stewards." Under the scrolls of

the handles are an heraldic shield on one side and a Tudor rose badge, inscribed "Richmondii sigillum Burgl.," on the other.

The value of this group of early Adam furniture immediately antecedent to the equipment of Harewood (interior designs dated 1765) does not need to be insisted upon. The first stage in the evolution of Adam furniture could not be more forcibly illustrated.

HOW TO MAKE A TROUT STREAM.—IV

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

IN foregoing remarks on this subject I have so greatly dared as to differ on one or two points from the opinions expressed by the greatest of authorities on everything that is connected with it, my friend, whose death we all must deplore, Mr. F. Halford. I hope it will not be ascribed to me as ignorance or presumption that I have so differed. I have the highest respect for all he has written, but the subject is one on which knowledge and experience are constantly growing and on which we have learnt something since he wrote.

He is dead against stocking with purely mouth feeding fry, and I believe him to be quite right there. It is far better to stock with alevins just before they have finished the absorption of the umbilical sac. This gives them something to live upon while they are accustoming themselves to their new conditions, for they will be partly feeding on the remaining contents of the sac and partly on the food which they catch in their mouths. And for establishing a stock of fish in the stream I believe that the stocking with alevins or with eyed ova is far best in the long run.

But I do not agree with him that if you turn in fish of the size at which you decide to catch them for immediate sport, they will fail to give you sport. Of experience extending over some years I can say confidently that such fish do give good sport, are wily fish, and do not rush at any fly you offer them, as he maintains. But, on the other hand, I do cordially agree that these are not good fish for establishing a stock. They go back in condition themselves when they are set to find their own food with wild competitors after the prolonged cossetting in the nursery, and almost surely will not be the parents of strong stock. But I see no reason whatever why you should not turn in some of these for your immediate sport, and also a stock of alevins or ova for the more ultimate good of the stream.

Neither can I quite realise his argument for buying yearlings and feeding them up in a stew beside your own river and then turning in rather than buying direct from the pisciculturist of the size you want and turning in at once. He claims that the cost is less, but probably when you have taken into account the cost of food, of construction of stew, keeper's time and so forth, the difference in price will amount to very little, and there is always the point to remember that the professional pisciculturist will probably give the fish better care and get them up to better condition than the amateur.

Mr. Halford begins his chapter on "Stocking" in "The Dry Fly Fisherman's Handbook" with the statement that

no well fished stretch of water can support its proper head of trout without re-stocking. This is a statement generally true, but too wide, for I have personal knowledge of stretches of a very excellent chalk stream which do keep up a sufficient head, even though rather severely fished. It is exceptional, and only happens where the trout have unusually good spawning beds; but it does occur.

Again, I am quite at one with him about the hopelessness of trying to introduce most kinds of fly into a stream from which they are absent. The larvæ of ephemeridæ and trichoptera live in conditions which make their collection very difficult indeed, and how are you to collect the eggs that are dropped on the surface to sink down to the bottom? But that useful fly the grannom can be, and has been, successfully reintroduced to a part of the Test from which it had vanished. With the grannom, exceptionally, this can be done by reason of the habit of the mother fly of crawling down into the water and laying her eggs round any stems of plants, etc. The stems with the eggs on them can be plucked out and transported, of course, in water, to a distance and put in where wanted, and so the fly reintroduced. It has been tried and done, but the successful experiment was made since Mr. Halford wrote. He only knew of a similar experiment which failed, probably because made on too small a scale. The grannom is a large fly, hatching out towards the end of April, and is valuable for bringing large fish up surface-feeding early in the season.

If your water has not been much fly-fished before, it is more than likely that you will find it encumbered with bushes on its banks far more than are favourable to you when you begin casting. Some of these you will necessarily cut down. But be sparing. Remember that trees and bushes have their value as shade for the trout. If you have bushes overhanging likely spawning gravel in shallow places be particularly tender of them, for it is good for the trout to have hides near their spawning beds so that, if they are scared, they do not have to make long journeys seeking refuge.

Associated with this is the always difficult subject of weed cutting. Aquatic weeds grow very differently in different rivers and even in different parts of the same river. A certain cutting of the weeds is very likely to be forced upon you, lest the blocked river should overflow the neighbouring meadows. But it is in your own interest in angling that some cutting be done, and be done judiciously. Remember that weeds are

useful as food for the creatures on which the trout live, and also as giving hide and shade to the fish. But if you have a jungle of weed you cannot fish, or land fish, in, or out of, it. In early spring, before fishing begins, you will probably have to do some cutting. Where the water is deep it is best to aim at cutting both sides of the stream about as far as a keeper can reach out with a long-handled scythe. A strip can be left, without harm, down the middle. The shallows you should treat differently, for it may be that you will wish to hold up the water on these when the summer comes. Cut them in bars, leaving bars of weed stretching across, or perhaps in chess-board fashion, here a bare patch, there a weedy patch. Be guided by the two ideas that you need to leave weeds for the fish and the insects and so on, and that you need clearances in order that too many of the hooked fish shall not fly to the weed shelter and probably break you, and also that you may be able to bring in the fish to the net. With these two diverse guiding principles kept well in mind and instilled into the mind of the keeper, you will not go far wrong. The cutting where the keeper cannot reach with the long scythe can be done with the chain-scythes and a man at each rope end.

Then the weeds grow apace, and at your discretion you may have to repeat the operation in high summer, perhaps in July. The end of the season, when fishing is over, is the time to attend to the banks and to cutting sedge that has grown out into the river, dragging it back and laying it, with all the mud that you are able to fetch out with it, along the banks, where it will all grow down solid before next fishing season and help to build up the sides. In cutting spear grass and the like on the banks it is well to leave a thin fringe next to the water's edge behind which you may steal up and stalk the trout. In all rivers and their tributaries under the Thames Conservancy each proprietor is obliged to haul out his own cut weeds, and this is a far better provision than the anarchy which allows them to drift down to the inconvenience of lower owners.

If, as is likely, your stream runs slowly in places, you may help to make a current by setting low dams, half across the river, made of stakes driven in upright and planks nailed to them on the up-stream side, to divert some of the water and make it flow more swiftly in the narrower channel. Behind such dams you may often find good fish taking up their stations.

It is hardly necessary to say that in forming a trout fishing such as this you will have a much better chance of making a good job of it if you can come to some arrangement with the proprietors both above and below to work in with you to some extent. They ought to be willing to do so, because some of your fish are sure to come to them. The least they could do, both in your interest and theirs, is graciously to permit you to kill down their pike. If it is a "pikey" river at all, your keeper will have plenty of work throughout the year in wiring and shooting (with a big bore rifle preferably) the pike in your water; but if the river above and below your stretch is allowed to remain a sanctuary for those villains, this work and the destruction of your trout will be many times multiplied. And you should, for your better sport as well as for friendliness and charity, cultivate the best possible relations with all your neighbours—millers, farmers, agricultural labourers and all. They can all hurt you if they will: they can all help you, if they will, by becoming a volunteer and unpaid brigade of amateur keepers for you.

The greater part of what I have set down in these short essays is based on what I have seen and done. It is very possible that others have had different experience, or have drawn different deductions from a similar experience. I have jotted down here, to

the best of my power, the hints which I believe a man will do well to follow if he wishes to make a trout water of water which did not hold trout in any reasonable number before. But I daresay I have been often mistaken; and I am certain there is much that I ought to have said which I have not said. Space is short and points slip out of mind. But I shall be very grateful for correction and for suggestions if any readers are kind enough to offer them.

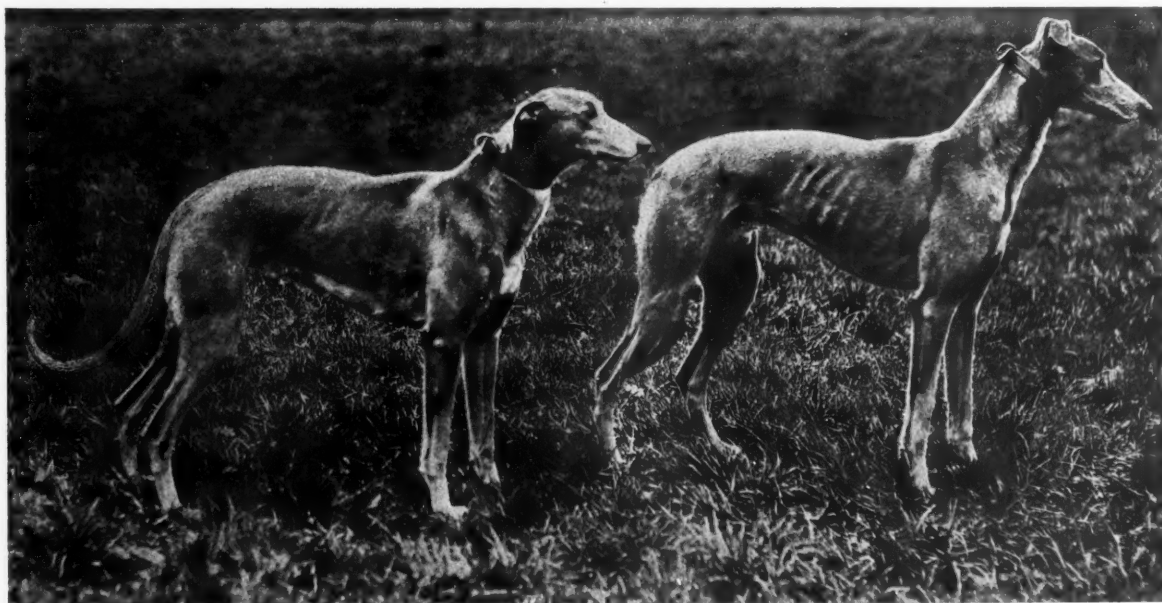
A GREAT COURSING KENNEL

BY some happy circumstance

the contest for the Waterloo Cup captures the public imagination in much the same way as the Derby, the Grand National or the Oxford and Cambridge Boat race do. If you were to ask that portentous person, the Man in the Street, to explain the reason for his interest in this event and his ignorance of other important coursing meetings, he would be unable to offer an intelligible explanation. The Waterloo Cup meeting was inaugurated in a modest way in 1836 as an eight-dog stake. Next year the number was doubled, and again in 1838. It was limited to thirty-two dogs until 1856, when sixty-four nominators were admitted, and at this it remains.



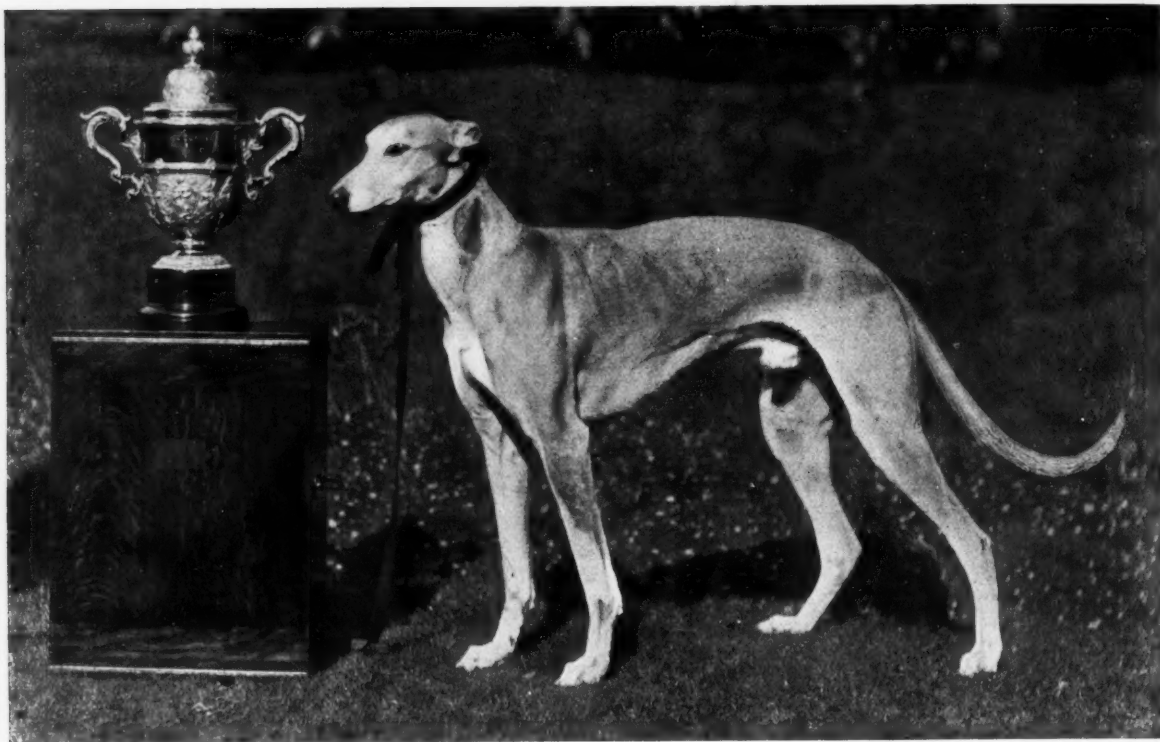
JASSIONA.
Winner of the first Lonsdale Cup.



F. Hood.

JACKIN AND JOCKS LODGE.
Winners of the Victory Cup, 1919.

Copyright.



LONG SPAN.

Winner of the Waterloo Cup, 1907.

Since Colonel North's Fullerton, winner from 1889 to 1892, no dog has stood out so pre-eminently as to become a household word. Fullerton and Lord Lurgan's Master M'Grath (1868, 1869 and 1871), are names that will ever be remembered. To-day it is difficult to conceive the enthusiasm created in Ireland by Lord Lurgan's little wonder. Someone said later that if a second Master M'Grath could arise there would be no talk of sedition among the Irish. Queen Victoria, a devoted lover of dogs, commanded his presence at Windsor, and wherever he went he was the hero of the crowd. The contrast between him and Fullerton was marked. While he could not turn the scale at more than 54lb., Fullerton weighed about 65lb. Fullerton, which was bred by Mr. James Dent, the Northumberland courser, was bought as a puppy by Colonel North for 850 guineas.

Many a great greyhound has come out of the North Country. One of the strongest kennels of recent times is that owned by Sir R. W. Buchanan Jardine at Castle Milk, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire. It has already produced two Waterloo Cup winners in Long Span (1907) and Jabberwock (1911), and Jassiona, as everyone knows, reached the final this year. By a piece of ill-fortune, so common in coursing, the bitch sprang a toe in the semi-final, and was lame for the crucial decider. Up to that time she had not met with defeat. To change the words of Shallow in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" to fit the sex, we may say of her: "Sir, she is a good bitch and a fair bitch; can there be more said? She is good and fair." Although Sir Robert started a kennel of his own on the death of his father in 1905, he had kept some greyhounds for a number of years before that date. His training is done at home, and I am glad to say that he breeds his own as well, seldom finding

it necessary to go outside to buy one. His greatest success has come through the Long Span blood, this son of Pateley Bridge and Forest Fairy having enriched his strain to good purpose. It is somewhat remarkable that Long Span and Hallow Eve, winners of the Cup in succeeding years, should have been brother and sister.

Before the war—I have not heard if they have been revived since—successful coursing meetings for the Castle Milk tenantry were held at Dinwoodie, near Lockerbie, for a trophy presented by Sir Robert Jardine. Referring to the 1911 meeting, the Editor of the Greyhound Stud Book remarked: "Sir Robert Jardine has some notable improvements in hand, in the shape of young covers, which will obviate the severity of the trials. It will then be an ideal coursing country, more especially when it is observed that an eminence bounding the running ground is a fine standpoint for the spectators. Truly, it would be impossible to exaggerate what Sir Robert Jardine has done for the welfare of the sport in his own county of Dumfriesshire."

Sir Robert is a tower of strength to the National Coursing Club, giving up much time to the administrative work of that body, and so long as men of his standing and character are associated with coursing we may be sure that no effort will be wanting to suppress any practices inimical to the best interests of the sport. His connection with the Turf is also well known, but about that "Philippos" is more qualified to speak than I am.

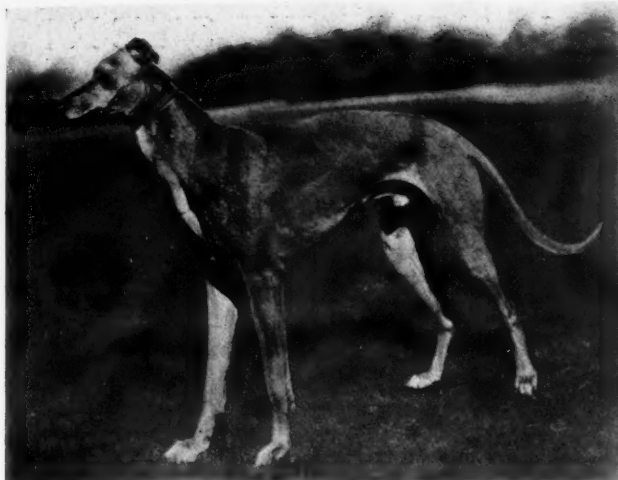
Lovers of old national customs will rejoice to find men of the stamp of Sir Robert Jardine helping in the perpetuation of such a typically British sport as coursing. From the earliest period in the history of these Islands the value set upon greyhounds shows how highly the sport was esteemed. For many centuries none but gentlemen were allowed to keep them, and



T. Hood.

SILVER STATUETTE OF JASSIONA.

Copyright.



JABBERWOCK.
Winner of the Waterloo Cup, 1911.



JANUARY.

for some curious reason or other, down to the middle of the nineteenth century the tax was higher than for other breeds. In the earlier days, deer and foxes were coursed as well as hares, the chase of the bigger animal being conducted by relays of hounds. By Queen Elizabeth's reign coursing the hare had assumed such vogue that formal laws were drawn up at the instance of the Duke of Norfolk, and "were agreed to by the Nobility and Gentry who then followed the Diversion, and have been always held authentic," said Daniel in 1801. Under these rules the hare was not to be coursed with more than a brace of greyhounds, which were led next to the hare-finder by the Feuterer, or slipper. She was to have twelve score yards law before the dogs were slipped, unless the small distance from covert would not admit it without danger of immediately losing her. The dog that gave the first turn, and, during the course, if there was neither cote, slip, nor wrench, won. A cote was when the greyhound went endways by his fellow, and gave the hare a turn. A cote served for two turns, and two trippings or jerkins for a cote. If a hare did not turn quite about, she only wrenched, and two wrenches stood for a turn.

Daniel noted that coursing had apparently lost nothing of its value in the eye of the sportsman, however it may have suffered in the splendour which accompanied it when honoured by the Royal presence in former ages. The premier meeting of his day was that at Swaffham, established in 1776 by the famous Earl of Orford. The membership of this Society was restricted to the

number of letters in the alphabet and the dogs of each member were named with the initial letter that he bore in the club. The subscription was a guinea annually, plus half-a-guinea towards a fund for purchasing the cup which was offered yearly. I like the serious spirit in which the club set about its work. "If any member absents himself for two meetings without sending what shall be judged a sufficient excuse, by a majority

of not less than thirteen members, he shall be deemed out of the Society, and another chosen in his place." No mere dilettante was tolerated. "Every member who attends a meeting, shall produce and match one Greyhound, or forfeit one guinea to the Treasurer."

Did we not know Mr. Daniel to be a veracious recorder some of his stories would leave us wondering. One concerns a hare which was started from the Swift, near Carlisle, and killed at Clemmell, seven miles away. The Flixton hares were said to be so stout that courses were prolonged sometimes to the length of five or six miles. Of course, no comparison can be made between greyhounds of different years. What would

have been the result if Fullerton and Master M'Grath could have met? And how would they have ranked against the Miller, which was running 120 years ago? "Even over ground to which he was most accustomed, he went true for his hare to the last, without discovering the least propensity to swerve or run cunning." For seven years he was without a rival, having never been beaten in seventy-four matches. A. CROXTON SMITH.



JASSIONA.



T. Hood.



JOIST.

Copyright.

JET.

HOLIDAY MAKING IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS



ON LOCH FIONN, NEAR GAIRLOCH.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE BY THE KERRY, WHERE HE GOT THE BEST BASKET.



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE KERRY.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON LOCH FIONN.



THE ROAD FROM GAIRLOCH HOTEL TO FLOWERDALE HOUSE.



FLOWERDALE HOUSE, NEAR GAIRLOCH, WHERE MR. LLOYD GEORGE HAS BEEN STAYING WITH SIR KENNETH MACKENZIE.

IT would appear from the interesting photographs which we show on this page that in spite of all that can be alleged to the contrary, Mr. Lloyd George has had a holiday. Difficult indeed is it for us to credit such a statement.

Ever since he went North, rumours of his doings have flown about like wild-fire in a September sky. The most momentous question raised since that day in July when England decided to go to war with Germany has been hanging in suspense. Mr. Lloyd George has been besieged and bombarded, first with the emissaries of the extraordinary Spanish-American who claims to be President of the Republic of Ireland—a Free and Sovereign State; letters be it indeed in Erse, for the great Celtic dignity could not be expected to write in English; then with telegrams which

he had to write in English because the Post Office clerk does not know Gaelic. If the Prime Minister had the brain of Plato and the tongue of Demosthenes he could not have answered as he did without grave study, for his letters and telegrams have been brilliant examples of terse, clear and finished statement. Yet who would think it? The faithful camera depicts him fishing at Gairloch as though he had journeyed North for no other purpose than that of "whipping the water." He has been grouse shooting; he has flown, or if he has not flown, been whirled in motor cars from one ducal seat to another, so that one would not have wondered if his brain had been a little muddled, but the mountain air and the soft western winds which blow from an Atlantic warmed by the Gulf Stream, have proved the best

mental stimulant. He has represented England at the very top of his form. Nothing could have been more pointed and admirable than his defence of a great policy which he has properly refused to alter at the demand of De Valera. The latter is a clever politician as politicians go, and he and Lloyd George have not been so unevenly matched as one might imagine, yet the British Prime Minister has scored every time. This is a very high tribute indeed to the magic of the western seaboard of Scotland. At any rate, the Glasgow people have always regarded the

Gairloch as the supreme holiday attraction, better than any such ordinary "doon watta" places as Rothsay, Bute or Allan, and indeed they are not far wrong. Such a combination of the heather-clad moorland and the wild salt wave of rock and glen and corry is presented nowhere else in Scotland. We are glad to think that they have had such an exuberant effect upon the Prime Minister that he has felt no extraordinary depression, even from the sad visitations of the London Mayors who carried to his retreat the wail of the out-of-works.

SOME IMPRESSIONS of the BARB PONY

By R. F. MEREDITH.

UNTIL I was stationed at Gibraltar I knew nothing about the Barb pony, although familiar with the points and history of its cousin, the Arab. My first impression was favourable. While walking in Spain I was overtaken by a riding party mounted on showy little white ponies all bearing a strong family likeness. They passed at a gallop on the firm sand and left little to be desired in speed and style. There was something so sporting about their appearance, such charm about their long tails and slender legs. Afterwards I changed my mind. "No bone!" was then the verdict; and too small to be seriously considered for anything but the lightest hacking. The particular ponies inspected were also generously endowed with splints. It was not until two Barb ponies came into my possession and I had seen far more of this breed in the hands of other users that these two extreme impressions were finally modified and a more accurate opinion arrived at.

The Barb is closely akin to the Arab and, possibly, as old in origin. The two resemble one another very much, but there are distinct points of difference. Both appear to be narrow and lacking in bone according to English ideas. It is well known that the quality of the bone of an Arab is his strong point and that the thoroughbred gets much of his apparent fineness of bone, which spells strength, from his Arab ancestors. The Barb has a small head, but not, perhaps, as small as the Arab. He has a straight nose, whereas the Arab's broad forehead and fine nose with rather full nostrils give him a slightly *retroussé* effect. The Barb's tail is not set on as high as that of the Arab, and this is not considered a particular virtue by the Moors as it is by the Arabs.

Like the Arabs, Barbs are classified according to the district where they are bred, and these classes differ among themselves considerably, from the small ponies in the hill districts, which the Moors call "Arabs" and which certainly resemble Arab ponies more closely, to the larger types down the Atlantic coast. It is with the latter that I am more familiar, as these are the type usually exported, and of these it would almost be safe to say that their height is 14½h., for they rarely appear to vary an inch either way in this respect.

In colour there is a great preponderance of whites and greys. It is interesting to note that Napoleon's famous white charger, Marengo, whose skeleton may be seen at the Museum of the United Services in Whitehall, was in reality a Barb of 14½h., although he is popularly depicted as an imposing and weighty horse. His endurance is too well known to need emphasis.

He carried Napoleon throughout his strenuous campaigns. Wellington also is said to have used a Barb pony as a charger, but this the writer cannot vouch for, having been unable to put his hand on the required authority.

The Barb is capable of great endurance. The same pony is often used for polo, racing, hunting, hacking and harness, and will carry a heavy man for incredible distances. Unfortunately, this endurance is often taken full advantage of and he is called upon to do more than he can manage, hardy as he undoubtedly is.

Like the Arab, he is surefooted, though he will often stumble on a level road, preferring rough going. He is a slow walker, especially on the road, and his trot leaves much to be desired. He has a strong tendency to break into a canter, and this is his best pace. He is then like an armchair to sit and shows no sign of exhaustion after keeping up this pace for miles. He also gallops well, being both fast and comfortable.

During the war many French African troops were mounted exclusively on Barbs, and in some cases I saw whole companies mounted on grey and white ponies. The uniformity of colour and type was very pronounced and most effective.

I had an interesting pony in my stable which I will call Spangles. He was a stallion which had shown himself very fast in trials, but proved to be a rogue when it came to a race. For sheer obstinacy he would have taken some beating. At sight of a whip or spur the poor little beggar shut up completely, and on the road he was a hopeless slug unless some favourite of his appeared, when he could walk or trot with anything, and completely forgot his laziness. His gallop was fast and comfortable, but sometimes disconcerting, as he liked to choose his own path and would skirmish round doubtful places, such as puddles of water, when galloping all out, in a way that called for a little glue between his rider and saddle, especially as he had not got the best of withers. No matter how fast or uncollectedly he might be galloping, he could pull up in a length or so when it suited him and ought to have been a perfect polo pony. Alas! polo bored him politely and racing he abhorred. Hunting was bliss to him, partly on account of the presence of so many mares in which he was interested. This is, perhaps, hardly fair to him, for he would also watch hounds, quivering with excitement at the first whimper, and as long as he was well up in front he was a pleasure to ride, fast, comfortable, sure-footed and always better able to choose the line that suited him than his master.

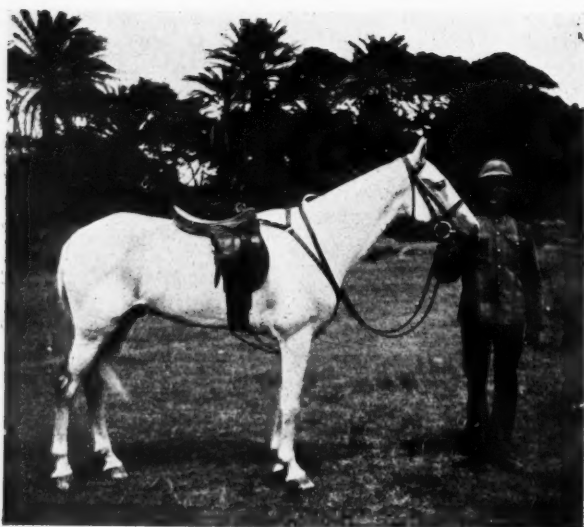
Anyone who has hunted with the Calpe will know the snares and pitfalls



A TYPICAL BARB HEAD.



THE COMFORTABLE CANTER OF A BARB PONY.



SPANGLES.

of the Cork woods; yet on one occasion Spangles carried a gallant naval officer, who had never ridden anything but an occasional "hairy" on Gallipoli, right through a fast run in the woods, actually giving a lead to some of the regular riders to hounds. At one point three people disappeared completely into a pit covered with loose branches, like those laid for wild animals. All emerged clinging to their horses, but nowhere near the pigskin, and Spangles' rider was grimly hanging on under his pony's neck. How he got back into the saddle history does not relate.



THE BARB PREFERS ROUGH GOING.



A CURIOUS DARK GREEN PONY WITH LIGHT MANE (MOROCCO).

THE END OF THE LAWN TENNIS SEASON

THE grass-court season of 1921 ended up at Eastbourne this week. There are still a few hard-court tournaments, and the covered-court meeting at Craigside and Queen's Club, to come; but for the large majority of lawn tennis players there will only be a few more spasmodic games on private courts before the cessation of "summer time" puts a quick end to all out-of-door tennis activity till next May.

Not for a great many years have lawn tennis players enjoyed such weather as has fallen to their lot in the summer just over. Tournament after tournament was blessed with perfect conditions, and the recollection of 1920's rain, with its accompaniment of ruined rackets and spoilt clothes, was quickly effaced. This was certainly a blessing; but the very kindness of the weather this year bears within it the germ of disappointment for another season; for a very few hours' rain at any of this year's tournaments would have prevented them being completed, owing to the enormously increased entries which nearly every one of them received. All's well that ends well; but it would, perhaps, have been better for the future organisation of tournaments if a little bad weather had intervened to bring home to tournament committees the folly of catering for a programme which could only be just carried through in six full days of fine weather from start to finish. It is left to next year, therefore, to drive this lesson home.

It has not been a very exhilarating season for English lawn tennis, so far as the winning of championships is concerned. Nor has it resulted in the discovery of any young players who show signs of championship form in the immediate future. But this need not be a cause for dolefulness; it is better to enjoy a game and to play it in the right spirit, than to win championships; and certainly this year thousands more players than ever before have enjoyed playing lawn tennis, and a very large proportion of them play it in the right spirit. The tremendous spread of the game among all classes has, quite naturally, produced some few players who do not "uphold the tradition"; but, since, from their upbringing, they know not the tradition, they can scarcely be expected to observe it. Public exhibitions of bad form and bad manners have been, on the whole, surprisingly few, and those who have had the advantage of public school and university training might be better employed in inculcating the traditions they have learnt into those who have not enjoyed that advantage than in grumbling that the game has gone to the dogs and complaining that half the people they meet in tournaments are "appalling bounders." There is more than one kind of bad manners; and, so far as that goes, there are very few players of any class who might not take a lesson in courtesy and chivalry from the behaviour, on court and off, of our visitors from the far East—Japanese, Chinese and Indians.

I suppose that, in any discussion as to "The Man of the Year," W. T. Tilden, as champion, would have to be placed first. But, so far as lawn tennis in England is concerned, I am not sure that B. I. C. Norton has not a much better claim to the title. He won the Open Singles at Surbiton, the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon, the Midland Counties Championship at Edgbaston, the North of England Championship at Scarborough, and the South of England Championship at Eastbourne, in each case beating very strong fields. And he threw away, with both hands, the Grass-Court Championship of the World. His superiority, in playing any opponent, is very seldom at all marked; indeed, far too often he plays so badly and with such entire indifference to the game that he inspires the spectator with no confidence whatever in his ability to win. But the fact is—as his record given above shows—that he *does* win. There is hardly a first-class player from whom it is easier to take a set; there is none from whom it is harder to win a match. Perhaps he has been lucky in not having suffered from his faults and negligences and irresponsibilities; anyway, there is his record. Is there any to put above it? I think not.

Ladies' lawn tennis is a subject on which even the most daring would be rash to write, so far as the leading players are concerned. They need a steelier heart; too many of them are beaten, before they ever get into court, by the name, rather than the play of their opponent. But I shall be surprised in next year, the name of any but an English player goes on to the Ladies' Championship Roll.

But, after all, for the vast majority of lawn tennis players, championships and tournaments possess but a minor interest. They play to enjoy their game; the improvement of their form is quite a secondary consideration. I hear that a Parks-Players' Association is in course of formation, which will have over a hundred thousand members. I am very glad to hear it; because a body of players of this size is in a much better position to secure decent courts to play upon than isolated little communities. A penny rate, in most places, would do all that is required; and there are very few towns in the kingdom where a dozen or even twenty good and well kept municipal courts would not only very rapidly pay for themselves, but do far more good to the population generally than the spending of ten times the amount of money on the salaries of unnecessary bureaucrats.

F. R. BURROW.

CORRESPONDENCE

DOWN ROMNEY MARSH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may start off on a grey silent morning when the sky is seemingly dull and changeless and the low-lying land is looking lifeless and dreary, but after the little town of Hythe has been left behind and the Burmarsh road unwinds itself ahead, the spirit of the Romney Marsh takes hold of you insistently and compellingly, and you give yourself up without realising it. Then it is that the Marsh smiles her slow quiet smile; she knows that another heart has fallen under her spell, and that through years to come her memory will pull at those same heart-strings. Then it is that you begin to feel that other spirit stealing over you, for surely in such places as this dwell the spirits of those who know, who love, and who hold within their very souls bits of English countryside, making them in some indefinable way peculiarly their own. Surely, too, it is the spirit of Miss Kaye-Smith that calls to you over the marshland, for she has laid her hand upon the treasures that are to be found here, and in her own wonderful way she has let others share them with her. Her child of the Marsh—Joanna Godden—is alive with the very breath of these wide flat spaces, and the fresh wholesome air with a tang of the sea in it sweeps through the whole book. Here, among the low-lying meadows with their intersecting dykes and ditches, upon whose banks grow hard brown bulrushes and waving feathery grass, among beanfields and cornfields, and hedges gleaming with blackberries, you catch a glimpse of Joanna, feel the grip of her personality—a personality which she drew from the soil of the Marshland. On and on you ride, a little star of pleasure waking deep down within as you recognise it all as though you were meeting an old friend. Every now and again flocks of sheep come sauntering along the road, probably on their way to Ashford Market—that Mecca of all Marshland farmers; apart from the sheep drovers and field workers (who gaze after you with much interest and sometimes greet you with a friendly "Good-day" and a wave of the hand), you see but few people between the villages. Then suddenly the sun breaks through the lifeless sky; ragged clouds scud along overhead. Involuntarily you come to a standstill and, gazing out upon a land of lights and shades and soft bluey-grey distances, a strange feeling of peace creeps into your heart, and you feel for a moment that "something" which, in spite of her human weaknesses, helped Joanna to face life with such courage and broadness of outlook. On again through quaint little villages bearing the familiar names of the Marsh—Ivychurch, Newchurch, Brenzett and Appledore; each with its cool, grey old church, in the majority of cases far too big for its present population. Past orchards and farmsteads where the trees are bowed down with the weight of apples: for there are apples everywhere—large and green, and red and smiling, while the plums on the old garden walls are just beginning to turn colour. After a rest in a neat little cottage at Warehorn, where you are regaled with tea, deliciously fresh eggs, bread and real butter, home-made cakes and, afterwards, apples picked in the narrow sloping garden, you shake hands with your hostess, a dear old grandmother of the Marshland, and set off on the homeward journey. Branching into winding roads and tree-sheltered lanes, many miles slip past; the country's face changes, downs loom up against the sky on the left; slowly but surely the spirit which was there earlier in the day seems to slip back with a little sigh, like a tired child reluctantly unclasping its arms from around your neck. You turn and look back towards the sea; there, far away below, lies the Marsh, bathed in a warm glow of sunset, smiling in its sleep. But you do not in reality leave it behind, for memory and feeling that are born in such places as these are strong and lasting, and in a truly tangible form—book form—you can have Joanna Godden—alive with the very breath of the Marshland—always by your side.—EVE LEGH.

ADVERTISING IN THE POST OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your editorial note on the 10th inst. with regard to advertising on pillar-boxes, telegraph poles and telegram forms seems to suggest that the Postmaster-General is, after all, the main factor in raising this issue. May I venture to point out that it is the Post Office Advisory Council of Business Men, which now has the

whole question of advertising in the Post Office under its consideration? They have discussed various proposals for obtaining revenue by this means, but so far, it is believed, no definite decision has yet been reached. In any case, you can hardly blame the Civil Service if it accepts business advice.—CHARLES WATNEY.

PALACE YARD, COVENTRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

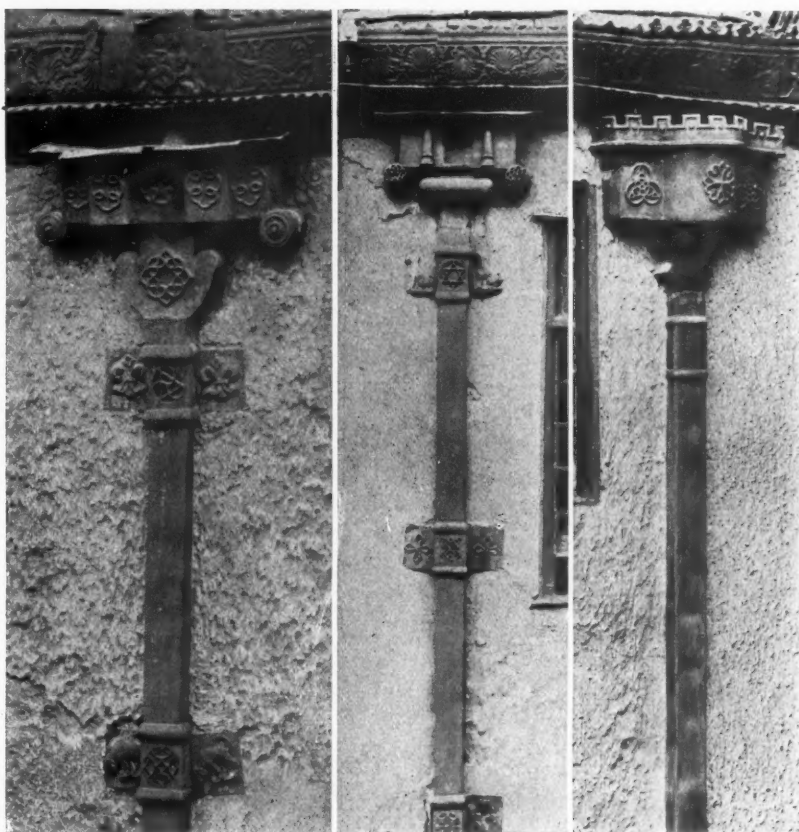
SIR,—Reading in Monday's *Times* the Bishop of Coventry's appeal for funds to save Old Palace Yard at Coventry, I was reminded of an interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE* on the subject of this house some years back. I remember very well, though I cannot lay my hand on them, the pictures of some old lead rain-water pipe-heads which I thought particularly attractive. I wonder whether you could see your way to reprinting them. If you could I am sure many other readers besides myself would be grateful. Old Palace Yard is surely far too interesting a place to be lost for the want of £8,000. Not only did Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia and James II stay there, even if Queen Elizabeth's having done so is probably a myth, but its chief

fuel, and in that time when the turf is opened the skin peels off and a most tasty dish is revealed, emitting a delightful smell, making the mouth water. The hog is, in fact, steamed by means of the turf, and served on dock leaves with salt and bread makes a delightful meal. Not only gipsies, gamekeepers, poachers and country folks know how good the "hotchy-potchy" is, but it would be a most welcome addition to the ordinary dinner-table.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

A "CHESTER" MENU.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the excellent recipes given under this heading in your number for September 10th, page 336, there is an error which often occurs when recipes are translated from the French. Among the flavouring herbs is included "laurel leaf." What we commonly call laurel (*Prunus Lauro-cerasus*) is not used in cookery. It should be bay leaf (*Laurus nobilis*). The French for "bay" is "laurier," hence the mistake is easy to make, for it is only natural to think that the English for "laurier" is laurel. But the English for "laurier" is "bay," whose flavour is of value in a large variety of dishes



LEAD RAINWATER PIPE-HEADS, PALACE YARD, COVENTRY.

value is, as the Bishop of Coventry points out, that it is "a rare example of a domestic house of merchants" of its time. "Mr. Hopkins' house in High Street" was its ancient name. It was sold by the Hopkins family in 1822, having belonged to it probably for over two hundred years. It would be little short of heart breaking if now a hundred years later it should be lost for ever.—H.

[We reprint the picture asked for from our issue of September 11th, 1915.—ED.]

THE HEDGEHOG AS A DAINTY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I may suppose that Mr. George Cecil, who writes so pleasantly, has tasted the cooked "hotchi-witchi" or "hotchy-wo:chy," as I used to hear its country name, or he could not speak so well of the "dainty." The hedgehog may be either roast or boiled, but the real gipsy way is to clean the dead pig, cut a turf about 15ins. by 12ins., roll the carcase in the turf, pack each end with a sod or clay the turf with grass inside, put it in the gipsy fire (a mass of red-hot embers), pile on more sticks and "brush," bake for an hour or so, adding more

both savoury and sweet. Our name "bay" no doubt, comes directly from the French, for the complete French name for "bay" is "laurier-baie" or berried laurel. The laurel of the poets is also bay, and the same should be used, in accordance with ancient practice, in military displays for "crowning the colours" or memorial wreaths.—G. JEKYL.

WHITE CANARIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some time ago (I am afraid it is a year or two, perhaps 1914 or 1915) you had an article on "White Canaries"—bred by a lady in New Zealand in the first instance. Can you tell me if they are still obtainable and from whom?—GEO. D. YATES.

[The white canary is the latest new variety and at present is not making much headway. There are only about half a dozen people breeding them. An advertisement might help your correspondent to secure a pair. It is doubtful if he will be able to get them both pure white; they will probably be flecked with grey.—ED.]

OLD SURREY VILLAGERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Would it be possible to insert the portraits of Robert Fennell, cowman, and George Howard, gardener at Titsey Place, in your next issue, as having been omitted from the series published in "Surrey Villagers of Sixty Years Ago" in your issue of September 3rd? The present generation will deplore their omission, as they were as much to them as the older people were to us. George Howard was born at South Green in the parish of Titsey on August 18th, 1827. He was baptised on September 9th in the same year. He died on September 24th, 1920. As a boy he worked in the brickfield on Limpsfield Common and afterwards in the gardens at Titsey Place for the rest of his working life. He was the faithful servant of the Leveson Gower family during three generations. A man of considerable intelligence and fair education, his mind was stored with memories of the past. He remembered the old church, the Priest's House in the Park, the making of the high road through the parish, the ancient village inn with its green and skittle alley, the "Pond," and many other interesting objects which have long since disappeared. Robert Fennell died on November 13th, 1902, aged eighty-one. He lived in Titsey most of his life and died in one of the cottages at South Green. He was cowman at Titsey Place for very many years.—ARTHUR F. G. LEVESON GOWER.

[We are happy to be able to do as Mr. Leveson Gower suggests.—Ed.]

A SCOTTISH TERRIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think your correspondent E. D. Farrar may be interested to see the photograph of another Scottish terrier taken the other day.



A DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN.

He is aged seventeen, and though very deaf has perfect eyesight, and is still able to get about and enjoy life.—EDITH G. LEE.

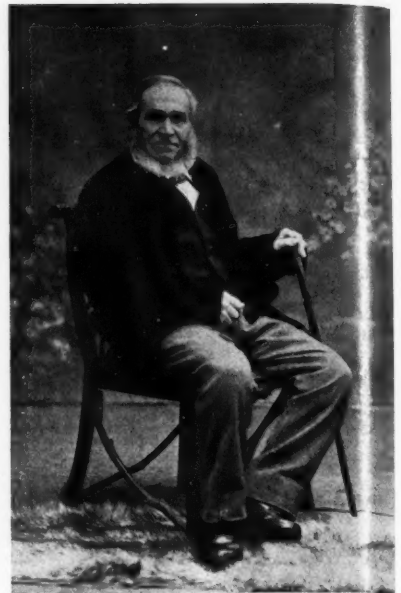
THE CLUSTER FLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the note in your issue of September 3rd relating to the "Chester" fly, the species alluded to is obviously the cluster fly (*Pollenia rudis*), a species usually mistaken for the common house fly (*Musca domestica*), from which it may readily be identified by the position of its wings while resting: they are held parallel to each other with their inner margins overlapping, while those of the house fly are diverging at their ends. It has acquired the popular name of cluster fly from its habit of assembling in large clusters in buildings for the purpose of hibernation. It enters houses, usually rooms with a southern aspect, in the autumn, and generally selects the interior of the frames of window-sashes and other crevices, also behind loose paper on walls and similar retreats suitable for hibernation during the winter months. Sometimes when rooms are artificially heated, or during warm, sunny spells of weather, they make their appearance and crawl about in a sluggish manner. In the spring they emerge from hibernation and leave the buildings, and do not enter again during the summer months. Unlike the common house fly, the cluster fly is harmless in connection with the public health; they only give trouble by the nuisance and annoyance caused by their presence, which is often made the more objectionable by their excessive numbers. They do not annoy us by contaminating our food, as it has no attraction for them, by which they vastly differ from the noxious house fly. When found in numbers infesting our apartments, they may readily be swept up and destroyed, owing to their sluggish habits. It is a difficult matter to keep



George Howard, a gardener.



Robert Fennell, a cowman.

TWO TITSEY PATRIARCHS.

them out of houses, as they creep in through any crevice or crack they can find between the windows. Although so extremely abundant both in Europe and America, nothing definite appears to be known regarding the earlier stages of this insect, further than a few specimens having been bred from cows' droppings, and it has been stated by Dr. D. Keilin that the larva of this species is parasitical in small earthworms, a fact which is extraordinary.—F. W. FROHAWK.

THE FIDELITY OF SWALLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The account of Mr. G. Fox-Rule of his having replaced some young swallows in a box and of their having been fed by the parents is paralleled by an experience of my own. Three pairs of swallows had built their nests upon the rafters of a shed. This shed was open on one side and somewhat exposed to the east wind. After a heavy south-westerly gale, I was surprised to find a pair of swallows flying about the shed, showing very evident signs of distress. On examining the part of the floor over which they were flying, I found that one of the nests containing five week-old swallows was scattered on the ground. The little swallows appeared quite unhurt, so I procured a shallow wooden box, and, gathering up the fragments of the nest, I arranged it as much like the nest as possible, and climbing up, I fixed the box just below the place it had previously occupied and securely nailed it into position. The parent birds had watched my proceedings during the whole time, seeming almost to understand what I was doing. When I replaced the little swallows in the reconstructed nest and descended the ladder, the swallows at once flew to the nest, twittering in a most excited manner. Almost immediately they

commenced feeding the young ones. All five were reared and did well. The parent birds were quite used to my going in and out of the shed and never betrayed the least alarm at my presence. They, however, evinced considerable alarm when strangers appeared on the scene.—H. T. C.

TELEGRAPH WIRES ON TREES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The death of three of the largest Scotch fir trees on the Brito-Roman Camp, at Holwood, near Bromley, a Kentish seat of the Earl of Derby, is somewhat difficult to account for, unless, indeed, that the telegraph wires which were fastened to the stems could be held accountable. I have not before heard of an instance in which the use of the stems as telegraph poles was responsible for the death of trees, and hardly think that, in the case of hardwooded species at least, such could be held accountable, as I have known both beech and oak used for a like purpose for over twenty years without suffering in the least. Whether the resin-saturated pine timber is more likely to suffer I am not in a position to state, and would be glad to hear from any similarly interested person. The trees, which were planted by Pitt, the great statesman, when he owned the Holwood property fully a century ago, were 70ft. high and 3ft. in diameter of stem.—A. D. WEBSTER.

HARVESTING IN THE FAR EAST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Now that our English harvest is just gathered in it may interest lovers of country life to compare with our home scenes this picture of a native girl helping to reap the rice crop in North Borneo.—E. O. RUTTER.



RUTH OF THE RICE FIELDS.

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE

PROGRESS UP TO DATE.

WHEN last I had an opportunity of writing on the Cesarewitch it was soon after the weights were known, and, of course, the position has undergone some change since then. It may, however, be recalled that I wrote favourably of Happy Man, Harrier, Devizes, Bucks, Arravale and Cylette. Now for some revision. Cylette has since broken down in his training and, as I write, a most disquieting report reaches me concerning Sir William Cooke's horse Devizes. He was found to be sore after a two-mile gallop at the end of last week. I refuse to think you can win a Cesarewitch on an interrupted preparation, especially at this critical stage, and so, until I know more of a reassuring character, I shall leave this once much fancied horse out of calculations. There is no question about his having once been immensely fancied by his successful young trainer, Jack Jarvis, and he has been considerably backed and was about second favourite at the time he is alleged to have gone wrong. Bucks runs this Saturday, I understand, for the Newbury Cup, which points to his stable companion Tishy, in the same ownership, being the fancied one for the Cesarewitch. There is a prejudice against light weights, but the fact is, I believe, that they think Tishy could win under much more than the handicapper has given her, which, I may remind you, was 6st. 4lb., and as it is, they are proposing to declare about 5lb. overweight in order that the strong light weight, Weston, may take the mount. This, of course, looks very much like supreme confidence, and we see the fact clearly reflected in the betting, for this three year old filly stands at a very short price indeed.

It is questionable whether Happy Man can be brought to his best. Rain is much wanted to get the ground right for him and there is very little time now. He would have a great chance if his trainer could deliver him at the post as fighting fit as he was when a rather unlucky second to Periosteum for the Ascot Gold Cup. His conqueror on that occasion has disappeared from the race and I doubt whether much more will be seen of him on a racecourse. What a lot of good horses that ran at Ascot on the road-hard ground will not run again! I think Bracket will never be the same again as the result of being given an exceptionally hard race for the Alexandra Stakes twenty-four hours after her race for the Gold Cup. Nothing has been seen of Periosteum since, and Spearwort, which won both the Ascot Stakes and the Alexandra Stakes, has now gone to the stud at a most moderate fee. Silvern has not run since, and I expect he got a thorough shake up. Spion Kop has not raced since and has, indeed, finished his racing career. He goes to Lord Rosebery's stud, having been leased from Major Giles Loder. Both Comrade and Torelore made their first appearances of the season at Ascot. They, too, have not been seen in public since. I could cite other instances and also name horses that have come out again only to reveal a loss of action. An exception is Glanmerin, who so brilliantly won the Portland Stakes at Doncaster the other day. He, too, has finished his racing career, though he is absolutely sound. I quite agree with the policy of retiring a horse when on the top of the wave and without waiting for him to deteriorate. But in fixing Glanmerin's fee at 200 guineas I suggest that Lord Londonderry has made a mistake. It is too high and not justified at a time when fees should come down all round rather than be maintained at exalted values. The fee named would only be justified in the case of a really brilliant classic winner on going to the stud.

However, to return to the Cesarewitch. I have pointed out how in one or two important particulars the situation has undergone changes since last I wrote on the subject. The running of Bucks this week end for the Newbury Cup does undoubtedly supply a most significant pointer, and I may say here that Sir Abe Bailey really thinks he will win both races. If we are to go by form alone, then I think we should pause over Harrier and also Arravale, though personally I do not quite believe in a six year old steeplechaser winning the Cesarewitch. However, he can be made out to have a chance and that is what will appeal so much to the student of form. In the case of Harrier he strikes me as a horse which is only just coming to his strength, and certainly his last two races go to support that idea. His jockey, too, has noticed the horse carrying him with more resolution than has been the case in the past. It was a fine public trial when he ran Flamboyant to three-parts of a length, giving 23lb.

As is well known, Flamboyant went to Doncaster to win the Cup, though I think he did no more than beat a non-stayer in Abbotts Trace. After that he quietly disappeared from the Cesarewitch, though many quite experienced people had made up their minds that he would also win that race. His owner, Mrs. Gilbert Robinson, was left with last year's winner, Bracket, in the race, but I do not believe in that mare this time, and I have something like a firm conviction that the trainer is certain that Tishy is very much better at the weights. I do not think we saw the winner at Windsor last week as was the case when Sanctum won there. But then Sanctum had probably 21lb. in hand on his original weight in the Cesarewitch. I therefore dismiss from calculations such as North Waltham, Brance, and Willonya. Holbeach is not likely to run, and altogether it looks as if top

weight will be carried by Harrier. Lord Derby's horse is a most genuine candidate at the moment, but it would be foolish to ignore the candidature of Tishy now that it has been made so plain that she is the best, presumably, of the powerful entry from R. Day's stable.

So far no opportunity has offered for dealing with the Cambridgeshire, and, after all, delay in discussing it may not amount to much with the knowledge that the race is still nearly five weeks distant. A great deal may happen in the meantime to shed new light on the popular handicap. At the time of writing there is a favourite in Mr. S. B. Joel's Soranus, the horse that started the season so well and sensationally by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap at 33 to 1 against. He has only run once since, and that was when he was a very good third to Paragon for the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park in May. His absence from a racecourse may be put down to the fact that he has an unsound leg., which requires a deal of watching and nursing, and the obvious risks of exploiting him on such hard ground as has been the unbroken experience this season. He has, however, always been kept on the move, and I regard him as a very genuine Cambridgeshire horse, though the handicapper has by no means thrown him into the race at 8st. 10lb. It would be foolish to do more at this stage than offer a few generalisations on the race.

Unlike the Cesarewitch, it is likely to attract most of the top weights. They are, of course, really good horses that have clearly qualified for the positions now assigned to them. Thus Orpheus is top weight at 9st. 4lb., and we have had it demonstrated more than once what a champion he is at Newmarket. He seems to run pounds better there than elsewhere. One wonders whether he is in the same form as when he performed so well over the July Course. If as well now he must take a deal of beating, in spite of his big weight. Certainly, as a three year old, he would have been handicapped to give a great deal more than 8lb. to Soranus. So also would Tetratema. That is what one cannot get away from. No matter how closely I enquire into the handicap and weigh the chances of others, I come back to this brilliant grey horse and remember that he is a winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and that he is probably the finest racehorse in the world to-day. I know the argument that his critics will at once advance against him. It is that he is a non-stayer and that, therefore, he will not get the nine furlongs of the Cambridgeshire course. I do not think the evidence is conclusive on the point merely because he did not appear to stay in the race for the Derby last year. He has been kept to short distance events ever since. Thus he has won at Ascot and appropriated the King George Stakes at Goodwood two years in succession. He is altogether a far bigger, stronger and more powerful horse than ever he was before—indeed, he was comparatively weak as a three year old—and if Mr. Persse should produce him to run, then he would, I think, be my selection for the race. I know well they would not run him unless they thought he had a great chance, for obviously they would not like him to get beaten so soon before going to the stud, as he is due to go there at the end of the current season.

Square Measure looks like being a very live candidate again, though he has been given as much weight as Orpheus—9st. 4lb. He has been winning in Scotland lately, but beyond telling us that the horse is alive and well this leaves us not much wiser. The handicapping as between Soranus and Paragon is very close, and the friends of the latter are entitled to be just as hopeful as the Soranus group. I do not care much for Leighton at 8st. 5lb., but Fancy Man at 4lb. less is quite likely to develop into a much fancied candidate. A horse that I regard as attractive is the Oaks winner, Charlebelle, at 7st. 13lb. That surely is little enough for a classic mare now four years old, and apart from that I have had quite a good tip about her. It would seem that she is doing well and thriving on her work after having met with some accident earlier in the season. The trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson, may have a better than Franklin in Highlander at only 7st. 4lb., and I should like to know more about Aclare after seeing the non-staying show he made at Doncaster. Perhaps the most likely Cambridgeshire horse that ran there was Fancy Man. I may add that Abbotts Trace runs for the Duke of York Stakes, and accordingly need not be discussed in connection with the Cambridgeshire yet awhile.

The Newmarket autumn season is due to open next week and the Jockey Club Stakes must come up for decision on Thursday. Let me say that for the first day the much-talked-about filly, Laughter, is apparently a certainty for the Buckenham Stakes; that is, assuming they do not decide not to run her again after having her on the spot. That would make the third time, Sicyon is in the race, but I do not fancy that Mr. Jack Joel fears his brother's colt. Mr. Solly Joel can retaliate on the following day by winning the Boscawen Stakes with Polyhistor, as the way seems clear enough for him. Laughter is also in the Hopeful Stakes, but I think it will be found that she goes for the Buckenham Stakes on the opening day. Of course, if Craig an Eran is all right again he would win the Jockey Club Stakes, which is going to be a very easy race to win owing to so many of the

entry having gone wrong or having retired to the stud. I wish I could be assured that Alan Breck was himself again, for I would go for him and no other. That horse is doing good work, but whether he is right again only the race can really tell us.

If he should run the fact will be some sort of assurance that there are hopes of winning, and, apart from Craig an Eran, there will be little to beat. Bucks might win the Newmarket St. Leger.

PHILIPPOS.

SHOOTING NOTES

PIGEON CARTRIDGES IN A GAME GUN.

LAST week I received a note from Messrs. Lang asking me to call at 102, New Bond Street, as they had some cartridges which might well repay testing. They showed me a gun which had just been returned from Syria with the action badly strained. It was an ordinary game gun of sufficiently modern construction to be fully fortified against the most strenuous of nitro-loaded cartridges, but it had gone "off the face." The gun-case contained a medley of cartridges, mostly of 2½ins. length, so accounting for the excessive pressure to which the action had been subjected. I took away what were available, and in due course subjected a couple of each to the usual proof test, which is to say that I fired these "pigeon" cartridges in the ordinary 2½in. length chamber. The results were:

	Pressure in tons per sq. in.	Recoil in ins.	Pattern.	Velocity, ft./sec.
Kohn-Rottweil cartridges	.. 3.53	11.46	Close	1,108
Do.	.. 2.92	11.40	Close	1,028
Bachmann-Mullerite	.. Lost	11.54	Medium	1,070
Do.	.. 4.22	12.06	Rather open	1,089
Winchester-Ballistite	.. 3.03	10.92	Medium	1,104
Do.	.. 2.93	10.80	Close	1,103

The recoil alone bespeaks the high charges in these extra long cartridges, but although the shot had to be forced through the mouth of the case constricted by the cone for a short chamber, the pressure did not attain a level which would account for the damage done to the gun. The inference must, therefore, be that the hot climate of Syria brought out the high pressure tendency which is associated with the firing of long cases in short chambers. It is rather a pity that the pigeon length of cartridge is not marked in a way calculated to prevent mistakes of this kind; but as the names attached to the cartridges go to prove, the reform rests with foreign manufacturers who are in the habit of supplying cartridges in countries where the English length of chamber is the exception rather than the rule.

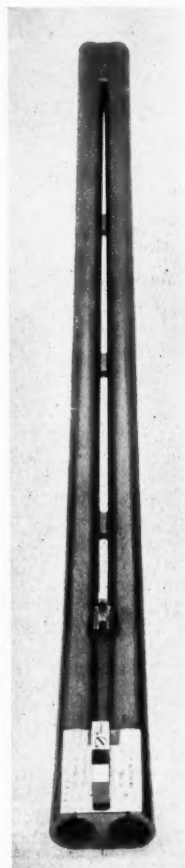
THE POPULAR CARTRIDGE ABROAD NOT OURS.

Sportsmen contemplating excursions abroad should certainly consider the advisability of taking guns chambered for the cartridges in general supply at their destination. In the alternative they should ensure sufficient deliveries of the kind for which their guns are chambered. In North America and the British Colonies the 2½in. 12-bore cartridge is well nigh universal, whereas in South America they will look at nothing above 16-bores, this being the information conveyed by a letter which happened to reach me by this morning's post. On the Continent the sportsman is content with the English 2½in. chambered gun. Whether these predilections are governed by deliberate choice or arise as a consequence of the weapons which happen to have been mainly exported in the past is not certain. What seems to be generally agreed is that the heavy American guns, pump action, automatic and double-barrel, which are exported from the United States, are chambered for the long cartridge, the ammunition following suit. Of late years there has been a tendency throughout the world to appreciate the merits of the English high-class gun and its supreme handling qualities, with the result that the cartridge appropriate for it has been more generally distributed. On the other hand much of the wild game encountered abroad is as difficult of approach as our own wildfowl, with the result that more powerful weapons and cartridges are deemed necessary for bringing it to bag and so ensuring the necessary contributions to the pot. Between the favoured British type of sporting gun and Colonial patterns there is the big weight difference of 6½lb. to 6¾lb. on one side and 7½lb. to 8lb. on the other, the shot charges varying in about the same ratio. Foreign conditions of sport do not always favour the heavy gun, for there are many places and classes of game where ranges are moderate and quick handling powers at a premium. In hot countries there is always the inducement to keep the weight which has to be carried at a minimum.

A RIBLESS PAIR OF BARRELS.

The accompanying pair of barrels was sent to me some months ago by the B.S.A. Company, who invited an opinion as to the

merits of the idea involved. The reply was to the effect that while the omission of ribs had previously been suggested and put into practice in various forms, there was always interest in trying a thing afresh on the possibility that the perspective had changed in the interval. They accordingly jointed the barrels to one of their actions, and have just delivered the complete gun. They report that their main reason for favouring the idea is that it gets rid of a hidden cavity where rust and other destructive influences may be at work. To my way of thinking the improved balance is a consideration, since these barrels weigh about 3 oz. lighter than an ordinary pair. Where tests will be necessary is to decide to what extent they may suffer from diminished stiffness, due to the girder-like formation of the ribs being suppressed. Few people realise how materially the alignment of an ordinary gun is falsified by the downward "whip" of the muzzles in the act of firing. This varies with the amount of charge. A gun I once fired consistently centred its charge on the mark with 1 oz. charges, whereas a sixteenth extra lowered the centre of impact about 9ins., and the full 1½ oz. about double as much. The thick breech ends of a gun compared with the thin muzzles rank as a back sight of definite height. Add to this the elevation of the eye above the breech, as brought about by the fit of the stock, and more elevation is accounted for, yet on the average the majority of misses, when the lead is correct, is below. Under-and-over guns are practically stiff in the vertical plane, so necessitating a material departure from ordinary measurements of stock. This question of "zero" has received detailed study in the case of rifles, but only casual attention in shot guns; yet it may provide a scientific explanation for the fact that so many shooters find they do better with one particular powder or load than with any other.



THE NEW B.S.A.
RIBLESS BARREL.

A FAULT-FINDER CARTRIDGE.

"A bumper year for birds"—and, one should add—misses.

There are an astounding number of people meditating in slight confusion as to why it was they shot so badly on the First; ammunition is being blamed, and were it not for the fact that one cannot spare one's guns in the season, there would be the dickens of a lot of people having slight alterations in cast and bend. As a matter of fact, it is only the shooters who are to blame and it is not altogether their fault. The birds are unbelievably precocious and well grown; the early harvest has led them into ways of wildness, and whether walked up or driven, they have unusual advantages over the usual coveys one encounters on the First. Mankind, on the other hand, has not taken as much exercise as usual during the hot summer, and is, if anything, more short-winded and less "fit" than in most years. "Behind and under" appears to have been a universal complaint; cherished and trustworthy guns appeared to weigh pounds heavier than they should, and pellets seemed to lag like overfed fox-terriers. Further, no one seemed to realise quite why they were missing, and uncertainty still more certainly muddled them.

Now, to my mind, it does not much matter whether you are a conscious aiming shot or an unconscious snapshot. To correct an error you must know what that error is and either correct it by conscious or by unconscious effort. The main trouble is that in nine cases out of ten you cannot diagnose what the trouble or

the source of the trouble is. A visit to a shooting school and a morning at "Clays" may help a bit, but it is not by any means a specific cure. It was while discussing certain personal vanity abating incidents of the first week of the season, which had occurred to others as well as to myself, that I began to consider the idea of a tracer shot-gun cartridge built on a kindred principle to the familiar tracer bullet of the war—and the idea does not seem to be by any means impracticable. Mind you, I do not advocate a tracer charge as the normal cartridge—but a special Fault-Finder cartridge might be an extremely useful accessory. One could carry half a dozen in a pocket.

The ideal Fault-Finder should leave a light but visible trail of smoke from the muzzle to a distance of 40yds. or 50yds., and then the smoke compound should be entirely consumed so that there is no risk of setting fire to cover from a fallen smoke pellet. Several schemes for achieving the result suggest themselves—coating the pellets with compound and allowing a slight flash to penetrate through the wads, or possibly a single large-sized pellet containing the compound laid at the base of the shot charge and ignited in the same way, or even a special weighted wad holding the compound. The ballistics might be a little weird at first,

for with a projectile whose weight diminishes in flight one introduces new factors. Still, it would be possible to turn out something which would be approximately in the centre of the procession of pellets from 20yds. to 40yds.

The position of the smoke ball in the pattern is not so easy to determine, but even this does not seem an insurmountable difficulty, considering that a ball from a shot-gun usually strikes high, but on the centre line of the shot pattern. Frankly, the Fault-Finder is a speculative proposition. The finished product might be too hilarious a novelty for the field and even the doourest of Scotch keepers be shaken to mirth by the spider's web of smoke trails that would lattice the sky after the first stand of a profiteer's party. It might be a godsend to the comic artist, or it might be such a shock to one's vanity that one would prefer to continue to miss without a mechanical publicity which would make plain one's errors to the smiling field. On the other hand, it might be a general blessing leading to a real improvement in style and a far lower proportion of birds "pricked." That it would be a shocking departure from orthodoxy is inevitable, but then progress is almost invariably made at the expense of somebody's feelings. What do you think about it? HUGH POLLARD.

THE FOOD OF GAME BIRDS AND BIRDS OF PREY

THE LATE MR. OGILVIE'S OBSERVATIONS ON BRITISH BIRDS.

THE sportsman naturalist and all who have studied the habits and economy of British birds cannot fail to find much of interest in the very entertaining and instructive information contained in this volume, which is the outcome of the careful observations of the late Mr. Fergus Menteith Ogilvie. Residing at Sizewell House, Leiston, on the Suffolk coast, he had ample opportunities of carrying out his observations on the habits of both resident and migratory birds, especially wildfowl and the waders. Being a true sporting naturalist and a first-class shot, he formed a very fine collection of birds, mounted in the best style, which included many rare species, all carefully catalogued, and were formerly arranged in his museum specially built for the purpose at Sizewell House; they have since been presented to the Ipswich Museum, where we had the pleasure of viewing them shortly after arrival. Besides these he amassed an extensive and valuable collection of skins of British birds, containing long series of a large number of species all with full data, which are now in the British Museum. He was also enabled to carry out his hobby of sport and research to the fullest extent, being the fortunate possessor of a grouse moor at Barcaldine in Argyllshire, where grouse, ptarmigan and blackgame flourished, as well as woodcock, snipe and other sporting birds.

The eight chapters which comprise the contents of this book originally formed a series of lectures delivered to the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire, between the years 1902 and 1916, by the author. He spared no trouble or expense in thoroughly investigating facts for himself concerning ornithology, extending over a period of thirty-five years, during which time he accumulated a great number of facts new to ornithological science. Thereby he has been enabled to correct many statements previously published in standard works on British birds by eminent authors, who are often too apt to accept the statements of others rather than go to the trouble of carefully investigating the subject for themselves. For example, Mr. Ogilvie's discourse on the grey and French partridges, is by far the most complete and instructive account of these birds which we know of.

In his chapter on the food of grouse, blackgame and ptarmigan the author calls attention to the vital importance of heather as the chief food plant in Scotland. It forms the staple diet of the red grouse all the year round. It is also eaten by the ptarmigan, but is entirely neglected by blackgame.

Mr. Ogilvie's researches concerning the food of birds is a valuable addition to our knowledge on the subject. He always carefully examined and tabulated the contents of the crops and gizzards of the specimens he shot. He tells us that he preserved for his collection of skins over a hundred examples of each species of the three grouse, viz., red grouse, ptarmigan and blackgame, each having a label attached to it giving in detail the contents of the crop, gullet and gizzard, found in the particular specimen. These were all obtained at different times throughout the year.

Chapter IV, on the common snipe, which occupies over thirty pages, contains a long discussion on the "drumming" of the snipe. Mr. Ogilvie is a believer in the theory that the sound is produced by the combined effect of the wings and tail. Many other interesting observations are recorded on this familiar sporting bird.

Among other subjects dealt with we may mention that of cuckoos and their food, which mainly consists of hairy caterpillars that are rejected by nearly all birds except the cuckoo,

which destroys enormous numbers of the larvae of the buff tip moth (found swarming on avenues of trees in the suburbs due to the absence of cuckoos) and the common tiger moth, which is covered with a dense mass of long hair. The author also gives an interesting account of the marching armies of the Processionary caterpillars (*Cnethocampa pityocampa*) he met with near Mentone. These larvae are covered with barbed hairs, causing terrible irritation to the skin. At times the inflammatory swelling produced by them has been fatal. They are, as far as is known, noxious to birds. Mr. Ogilvie describes the numerous huge "cocoons" he saw attached to branches of fir trees. In his concluding remarks on these his imagination led him astray, as he says "The ingenious parents of these caterpillars had, I suppose, laid their eggs in the autumn and had then not only constructed an admirable winter residence for their young when hatched, but had built the food plant into the house at the same time. The food supply would be calculated to last out until the larvae were nearly fully grown, when they would leave the ancestral home and start processioning on their own account to pastures new." The so-called "cocoon" is the web-nest spun by the larvae, in which they live, but they go out in a procession to feed. The parent moth simply lays its eggs on the food plant and is quite unable to spin a web.

Chapter VIII contains valuable information concerning the food and habits of several of the birds of prey. It may be news to many to learn that the golden eagle is steadily becoming more numerous, especially in the Western Highlands, owing to the steady increase of the forested land during the past twenty years, which has been turned over to deer in place of sheep. With the spread of forest land the eagle multiplies accordingly. Also, as it preys upon the mountain or blue hare, ptarmigan and grouse, which often are the means of causing failure to deer stalking and consequently abominated by stalkers, the eagle is strictly protected by the proprietor of the deer forest and his staff of keepers.

In Mr. Ogilvie's remarks on cormorants and shags, allusion is made to these birds making use of their wings under water. He states: "They are able to stay under water for a great length of time—four or five minutes at least—and to travel during that time at a great pace with or against the tide in any direction, using, as all these birds do, their wings as well as their feet to propel themselves with." This is contrary to our observation. We have had ample opportunities of carefully watching cormorants chasing and catching fish in clear water, and have never once seen them open their wings for the purpose of propulsion, but have noted the wings to be kept pressed closely to the bird's sides when swimming at top speed, the huge feet being sufficient to propel it with extraordinary velocity. The large size and formation of the wings of both the cormorant and shag make them quite unsuited for the purpose. In this respect they greatly differ both in size and structure from the short, narrow and stiff feathered wings of those birds which make use of them under the surface, such as the guillemot, razorbill and puffin, whose wings act as large fins. They practically fly under water and, unlike the cormorant and shag, the auks (guillemot, razorbill, puffin) are provided with comparatively quite small feet.

"Field Observations on British Birds," by a Sportsman Naturalist, the late Fergus Menteith Ogilvie, M.A., M.B., F.R.C.S., F.Z.S., M.B.O.U. With illustrations. Edited by Henry Balfour, M.A., F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. With Foreword by Mrs. John Massie. (London: Selwyn and Blount, 21, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2; price 25s. net.)

THE ESTATE MARKET

UPTON COURT & BOUGHROOD CASTLE

LORD HAREWOOD'S house near Slough, known as Upton Court, for private sale by Messrs. Buckland and Sons and Messrs. Hampton and Sons, is a picturesque example of late fifteenth century construction, which was apparently much altered in the seventeenth century, and judiciously restored and enlarged in the Victorian period.

As becomes a house of its date, Upton Court has a great expanse of tiled roof, full of a comfortable suggestion of warmth and protection, such a roof as Ruskin always admired, and we can and do admire it for its own sake, without following him in his unmeasured denunciation of flat roofs. Whoever would see the full artistic possibilities of the treatment of roofs should visit Upton Court, and it is worth consideration from other points also. Some of the oldest part of the exterior is the timber framed work on the west side, the rest being comparatively new brickwork with rough-cast. There is a porch with overhanging upper storey projecting from the east front. Originally Upton Court doubtless had its staircase and solar on the north, and the kitchen and other rooms on the south, and it is on these sides that the house has mainly been extended by later builders. At the north-east corner is an octagonal staircase, retaining the original doorway with very richly moulded oak jambs and four-centred head with deeply sunk spandrels and modern moulded steps to the jambs.

The central chimney stack, enlarged and the topmost portion reconstructed, retains the original square shafts: that at the north is rectangular and the lower part original; and that at the south, restored at the upper part, has a couple of square shafts set diagonally with a comparatively new shaft inserted between them.

In the first instance the hall was doubtless open to the roof, but a modern panelled ceiling has been inserted. Wooden brackets of the seventeenth century with carved cherubic heads and a window of sixteenth and seventeenth century glass, with armorial bearings, are not the only features of interest in this part of the interior of Upton Court. There is a cast iron fire back having the royal arms and dated 1633, in the spacious open fireplace with its moulded jambs and four-centred head, covered with plaster.

Early seventeenth century oak panelling adorns the dining-room, and there is some genuine seventeenth century work in the fireplace, and some that seems to be an excellent copy of early work of a contemporary date. The design of the doorway on the east front is repeated in the doorway to the stairs. Flemish and other glass in the window is enriched with arms, and bears the names "Johannes Ramesii" and "Capiten Jan Dimmesin, 1667." In the northern end of the house is part of the original open roof of the solar—which is, as everyone is aware, the upper chamber in mediæval houses which it was customary to allocate to the private use of the family—with a large four-way truss, stop-chamfered king-post and rafters, collar beams and purlins, that unquestionably date from the first building. Exquisite in aspect, the gardens and grounds, extending to approximately five acres, are worthy of the residence, and Upton Court has the advantage of being within a very short distance of town.

Sir Laurence Philipps has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction Boughrood Castle, near Glasbury, with a mile of salmon fishing in the Wye.

Boughrood Castle is a house of Georgian character, with a pillared portico—a castle in name only, but a very dignified and finely proportioned residence, facing southwards on the east bank of the Wye, 400ft. above sea level and, what is more important, perhaps, 100ft. above the level of the river. The house is of stone, cemented over, and it has a slate roof. To Boughrood station on the Cambrian Railway is a few minutes' walk, and Glasbury only three miles off, on the Brecknockshire border. Golf is to be had at Hay (eight miles away), Brecon and Llandrindod Wells. The shooting is good in this part of the border, and there is hunting with the Brecon, Radnor and West Hereford packs, and the Hawkstone Otter Hounds.

A VIRGINIA WATER CLUB.

THE greater portion of the Wentworth estate at Virginia Water belonging to Miss Cabrera has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Buckland and Sons, for the purposes of a country club. The property sold comprises the mansion of Wentworth, Warren Farm and a large stretch of pine woods and heath, about 1,120 acres in all.

Villas on the French and Italian Riviera are to be disposed of. Illustrated particulars, which have just been published by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, include Lord Brougham and Vaux's Château Eleonore, the Duke of Bedford's Château Malet, Lord Egerton's Villa Egerton, the late Lord Rendall's Château Thorenc, Mr. Kenneth Clark's Villa Zoraide, and Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple's Villa Della Pergola, Alassio, most of which would be let for the season.

Cheshire farms, a section of the estate of Colonel Sir Walter Shakerley, will shortly be offered by Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons. A large section of the estate has been privately purchased by the tenants, each of whom has been given an opportunity of acquiring his holding, and the portion now to be offered is part of Allstock and Byley. The farms are surrounded by Cheshire towns, being linked up with industrial Lancashire and North Cheshire by the London and North-Western Railway and the Cheshire Lines. Hulme Hall, one of the properties to be sold, is a manor, built on the site of Hulme Hall, the ancient seat of the Shakerleys, and it is surrounded by a moat, but practically none of the original mansion is now to be seen. The approach to the house is by a bridge with two arches. Three other farms, of from 100 to 150 acres, are well equipped and woodland of 140 acres is included. The property has been in the hands of the ancestors of the present owner for five centuries.

BRADWELL GROVE, OXON.

BRADWELL GROVE estate, the subject of a recent special article in *COUNTRY LIFE* by Mr. Max Baker, came under the hammer, at Oxford, on Saturday, of Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. and Messrs. Paxton and Holiday. Many of the holdings had been privately bought before auction. The mansion and nearly 4,000 acres were bought in at a final offer of £55,000.

SCOTTISH PROPERTIES.

ANOTHER estate which has been in the hands of representatives of the vendor for many generations is about to be placed in the market, under the inexorable pressure of taxation and high cost of upkeep. It is the Scottish property, agricultural and sporting, Blackford and Ardoch, Perthshire, of Captain Stirling Home Drummond Moray, long held by the family of Abercainry. Ardoch was a Roman camp of great importance, and there are cairns and tumuli in various parts of the district. The substantial ruins of the castles of Kincardine and Ogilvy indicate mediæval military necessities.

Glenbranter, Sir Harry Lauder's estate, was bought in at the auction.

Glenfinart, Major J. H. P. Leschallas' Argyllshire estate, of 7,963 acres, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on October 19th at Glasgow, in five lots. The first is Lettermay sheep farm, 3,876 acres in Lochgoilhead, on the western shore of Loch Goil; the second Ardnahen, 1,527 acres; and the remaining lots have good houses and buildings. The sea trout, salmon and trout fishing in Loch Eck is first rate, and there is plenty of good mixed shooting.

SMALL BUCKS HOUSES.

THE GRANGE, a freehold residential property on the outskirts of Chalfont St. Peter, will be offered for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, on October 4th, at St. James's Square. The house is Georgian or Early Victorian, and with gardens and park, there is an area of nearly 25 acres. Adjoining, is a small property of 5 to 6 acres, with fruit and vegetable garden, orchard, paddock, and the residence, known as the Dover House, with a little over an acre. The property will be offered as a whole, and, if not sold, then in three lots.

Messrs. W. Brown and Co. submitted by auction Milk Hall Farm, Chesham, a roomy old farmhouse, and 83 acres of pasture and arable, and sold it for £2,000. Pasture, arable and woodland, about 46 acres, made £1,075; and arable having a long frontage to the main road to Chenies was sold subsequent to the auction for £1,025.

The report, which emanated from a local source, that Lord Sumner's recent sale of an Ibstone, Bucks, property was of a house his lordship had at one time occupied was inaccurate. The sale was simply of a small dwelling on the outskirts of his property. He retains the house, in which he continues to reside.

DEMAND FOR FARMS.

LAND in Carmarthen made high prices at an auction held by Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co., the total realisation amounting to £6,445. The house, Ystrad-Wralt, in the Towy Valley, five miles east of the county town, with 30 acres, remained for private negotiation. Pentlowes, a Herts freehold of 280 acres, has changed hands, through Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, for £6,500. Further private and other sales are announced by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., among them 98 acres at Westbury-on-Severn, for £4,400, and Bouldson Croft, near Newent, 11½ acres, for £1,625, also many Gloucester investments, including, for £5,000, the Wellington Hotel. A Sussex property, The Lodge, 4½ acres, at Playden, has been sold for £7,000, by Messrs. Geering and Colyer.

The realisation of the Virley estate, between Colchester and Maldon, has just been completed by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin. The estate extended to 2,518 acres, and there were no sitting tenants to become purchasers, the whole property having been farmed for many years under a bailiff by the late Sir Anthony Abdy. It was divided into twenty-seven lots, for all of which purchasers have been forthcoming, the total sum realised approximating to £35,000.

LORD COWDRAY'S PURCHASES.

IF anything could give added confidence to the public in regard to purchasing real estate it is the example of that far-seeing and enterprising man, Lord Cowdray, in continuing his policy of buying realty. A few weeks ago (August 27th, page 271) we announced that his lordship had bought the historic Scottish estate of Castle Fraser for £48,000, and now we are able to state that Fen Place estate has been acquired by Lord Cowdray. The latter purchase, from clients of Messrs. Fox and Sons, is doubtless with a view to rounding of this extensive estate of Paddockhurst which adjoins his new acquisition. The East Grinstead place is 404 acres, with an up-to-date house of moderate size, which was until lately occupied by Mr. Hugh Myddleton Campbell.

A NEW FOREST BARGAIN.

A VERY delightful little freehold in the heart of the New Forest is in the market, and will be submitted, at Brockenhurst early next month, by Messrs. Jackman and Masters. It consists of a small but exceedingly pretty house in charming grounds, with 2 acres of gardens and orchards and 5 acres of rich meadow land, and it has forest rights sufficient to give a good prospect of making the occupation quite a remunerative venture for anyone who wished to turn his opportunities to account. The present vendor fully intended to make the place his home when he took it not very long ago, and he spent a great deal of money in improving the house and in equipping the place, but he has now resolved to sell, and it is a great chance for somebody to secure an unusual bargain. Burley, on the outskirts of which delightful spot the property lies, is a capital centre for all the varied interests of the New Forest, and it has the advantage of being but a few miles from Southampton and Bournemouth. The auction is fixed for October 4th at Brockenhurst. There is stabling for five horses, and the outhouses are equipped with appliances for preparing food for stock. Hunting is to be had with the New Forest Stagbonds and Foxbonds, and golf links are within three-quarters of a mile. The owner is willing to vacate the house immediately.

ARBITER.